

# FVIMVS TROES

*Æneid. 2.*

## THE TRVE TROIANES,

Being

A Story of the *Britaines* valour at the  
Romanes first invasion: Publikely represented  
by the Gentlemen Students of Magdalen  
Colledge in Oxford.

*Quis Martem tunicâ tectum adamantinâ  
Dignè scripserit?*



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# Dramatis Persona.

*Mercurie.*

*Fur. Camillus.* } *Livius, lib. 5.*

*Brennus.*

*Julius Caesar.*

*C. Volusenus.*

*Q. Laberius, aliàs  
Labienus.*

*Q. Atrius.*

*Comius Atrebas.*

*Cassibellannus Imperator* } *de bell. gall.  
Britannorum.* } *lib. 4. & 5.*

*Mandubracius, princeps  
Trinobantum.*

*Cingetorix.*

*Carvilius.* } *4. Petty*

*Taximagulus.* } *Kings*

*Segonax.* } *in Kent.*

*Belis manr,* } *Lud, his* } *Androgens.*  
*his sonnes,* } *sonnes.* } *Themantius.*  
                  } *Cassibelane.*  
                  } *Nennius.*

*Belinus, a chiefe Nobleman.*

*Hirildas, nephew to Cassibelane.* } *Galfrid. Monu:  
metensis. lib. 4.*

*Eulinius, nephew to Androgens.*

*Cridous King of Albania.*

*Britael King of Demetia.*

*Guerthed, King of Ordonicia.*

*Names fained.*

*Lantonus.* } *Two Druids, or*

*Hulacus.* } *- Priests.*

*Landora.* } *Two Ladyes*

*Cordella.* } *mentioned.*

*Rollano, a Belgicke.*

*Chorus of five Bardes, or Poets laureate.*

*Souldiers.*

*Shipmen.*

*Servants.*

*Mercury*





## *Mercury, conducting the Ghosts*

*of Brennus and Camillus, in compleate armour, and with swords drawne.*



*Er.* As in the vaults of this big-bellied earth,  
Are dungeons, whips, and flames, for wicked Ghosts;  
So faire Elysian fieldes; where spotlesse soules  
Doe bathe themselves in blisse. Among the rest,  
Two pleasant Groves by two sorts are possesst:  
One by true Louers crown'd with myrtle boughes,  
Who hand in hand sing Pæans of their ioy:  
Braue Souldiers hold the second, clad in Steele,  
Whose glittering Armes brighten those gloomy shades,  
In lieu of Starry lights. From hence I bring  
A paire of Martiall Impes, By Ioues decree,  
As sticklers in their Nations enmity.  
Furious Camillus, and thou Britaine bold  
Great Brennus, sheath your conquering blades: In vaine  
You threaten death: For Ghosts may not be slaine.

*Brenn.* From the vnbounded Ocean, and cold climes,  
Where Charles his wayne circles the Northerne Pole:  
I first lead out great swarmes of shaggy Gaules,  
And big-bon'd Britaines. The white-pated Alpes,  
Where snow and winter dwell, did bow their neckes  
To our victorious feete: Rome, proudest Rome,  
We cloath'd in skarlet of patrician blood,  
And 'bout your Capitoll praun'd our vaunting steedes,  
Defended more by Geese, than by your gods.

*Cam.* But I cut short your fury, and my sword  
Redeem'd the City, making your huge vast trunks  
To fat our Crowes, and dung our Latian fields:  
I turn'd your Torrent to another Coast:  
And what you quickly woone, you sooner lost.

*Fuimus Troes.*

*Mer.* Leauē these weake brawlings. Now swift time hath spent  
A Pylian age, and more, since you two breathed,  
Mirrours of Britaine, and of Roman valour.  
Loe, now the blacke Emperiall Bird doth claspe  
Vnder her winges the Continent, and Mars  
Trampling downe nations with his brazen wheelles,  
Fights for his Nephewes, and hath once more made  
Britaines and Romanes meete. To view these deedes  
I Hermes bring you to this vpper skie;  
Where you may wander, and with gastly lookes  
Incite your Country-men, when night and sleepe  
Conquer the eyes, when weary bodyes rest,  
And senses cease: Be Furies in their brest.  
Neuer two Nations better matcht. For Ioue  
- Loues both alike: whence then these armed Bandes?  
Mavors for Rome, Neptune for Albion stands.

*Brenn.* Then let warre ope his iawes, as wide as hell,  
And fright young babes, my Country-folke more sterne  
Can out-looke Gorgon: Let the Fates transpos'd  
Hang beaten Flags vp in the victours land:  
Full dearly will each Pase of ground be sold,  
Which rated is at deereſt Blood, not Gold.  
What, are their ruin'd Fanes, demolisht Walles  
So soone forgot? Doth Allia yet runne cleare?  
Or can three hundred Summers flake their feare?

*Cam.* Arise thou Iulian Starre, whose angry beames  
Be Heraulds to the North, of warre, and death.  
Let those blacke Calends be reueng'd; Those Ghosts,  
(Whose mangled sheaths depriv'd of Funerall rites,  
Made the Sixe hills promise a Cadmus croppe:)  
Be expiated with a fiery deluge.  
Ioue rules the Spheares, Rome all the world beside:  
And shall this little corner be denide?

*Merc.* Bandy no more these priuate Frownes; but haſt,  
Fly to your parties, and inrage their mindes:  
Till at the period of these Broyles, I call,  
And backe reduce you to grimme Pluto's hall.

*Exeunt.*

*At.*



*The true Troianes.*

*Act. 1. Scen. 1.*

*Duke Nennius, alone.*

*Nenn.* Me thinkes I heare Bellona's dreadfull voyce  
Redoubled from the concave shoares of Gaule:  
Me thinkes I heare their neighing Steedes, The groanes  
Of complementall Soules, taking their leaue:  
And all the dinne and clamorous route, which soundes  
When falling Kingdomes cracke in fatall flames.  
Dye Belgickes, Dye like men. Free mindes need have  
Nought, but the ground they fight on, for their graue:  
And we are next. Thinke ye the smoaky mist  
Of Sunne-boyled Seas can stop the Eagles eye?  
Or can our watry walles keepe dangers out,  
Which flye aloft? That thus we snorting lye,  
Feeding impostum'd humours, to be launch'd  
By some out-landish Surgion:  
As they are now: whose flaming townes, like Beacons,  
Giue vs faire warning, and euen guild our Spyres,  
Whilst merrily we warme vs at their Fires.  
Yet we are next: who charm'd with peace and sloath,  
Dreame golden dreames. Goe, warlike Britaine, goe,  
For Olive bough exchange thy Hazell bow:  
Hang vp thy rusty Helmet, that the Bee  
May haue a hive, or Spider find a Loom:  
In steed of souldiers fare, and lodging hard,  
(The bare ground being their bed, and table) lye  
Smother'd in doune, melting in luxury.  
In steed of bellowing drumme, and chearefull flute,  
Be lull'd in Ladyes lap with amorous Lute.  
But as for *Nennius*, know, I scorne this calme:  
The ruddy Planet at my birth bore sway,  
Sanguine adust my humour; and wild fire,  
My ruling Element. Blood, and rage, and choller,  
Make vp the Temper of a Captaines valour.

*Exit.*

*Fuimus Troes.*

*Act. 1. Scen. 2.*

*Julius Caesar. Cominus. Volusenus. Laberius. Souldiers. with En-  
signe, A two-neck'd Eagle displayed sable, Drumme,  
Ancient, Trumpet. A Flourish.*

*Ces.* Welcome thus farre, Partners of weale and woe,  
Welcome braue bloods : Now may our weapons sleep,  
Since *Ariovist* in cocke-boate basely flies :  
Vast Germany stands trembling at our bridge :  
And Gaule lies bleeding in her mothers lap.  
Once the Pellæan Duke did Eastward march,  
To rowse the drowfie Sunne, before he rose  
Adorn'd with Indian rubyes : But the Mayne  
Bad him retire. He was my Type. This day,  
We stand on Natures western brinke; Beyond,  
Nothing but Sea and Skie. Heere is *Nil ultra*.  
Democritus make good thy fancy, giue me  
More worlds to conquer, which may be both seene,  
And wonne together. But me thinkes I kenne  
A whitish cloud kissing the waues, or else  
Some chaulky rockes surmount the barking flood.

*Cominus*, your knowledge can correct our eyes.

*Com.* It is the Britaine shoare, which ten leagues hence  
Displaies her shining clifts vnto your sight.

*Ces.* I'll hit the white. That Sea-marke for our Shippes,  
Invites destruction, and giues to our eye  
A treacherous Becke. Dare but resist : your shoare  
Shall paint her pale face with red crimson goare.

*Com.* Thus much I know, Great *Caesar*, that they lent  
Their secret ayde vnto the neighbour Gaules ;  
Fostering their fugitiues with friendly care :  
Which made your victory flye with slower wing.

*Ces.* That's cause enough. They shall not henceforth range  
Abroad for Warre, Wee'll bring Him to their doores :  
His vgly Idoll shall displace their gods,  
Their deare Penates, and in desolate streetes

Raise



*The true Troianes.*

Raise trophees high of barbarous bones, whose stench  
May poyson all the rest. I long to stride  
This Hellespont, or bridge it with a Navy,  
Disclosing to our Empire vnknowne Landes,  
Vntill the Arcticke Starre for Zenith stands.

*Laber.* Then raise the Campe, and strike a dreadfull March,  
And vnawares poure vengeance on their heads:  
Be like the winged Bolt of angry Ioue,  
Or chiding Torrent, whose late-risen streame  
From mountaines bended toppe runnes raging downe,  
Deflouring all the virgin dales.

*Cas.* First let's advise; For soone to ruine come  
Rash weapons, which lacke counsell graue at home.

*Laber.* What need consulting, where the Cause is plaine?

*Cas.* The likeliest Cause without regard proues vaine.

*Laber.* Provide for Battaille, but of Truce of word.

*Cas.* Where peace is first refus'd, should come the sword.

*Laber.* But tis vnlike, their selfe-presuming might  
Will curbed be with termes of Ciuill Right.

*Cas.* Tis true: yet so, we stop the peoples cry,  
When we propose, and they doe peace deny.  
Wee'l therefore wise Embassadours dispatch,  
Parents of Loue, the Harbingers of Leagues,  
Men that may speake with mildnesse mixt with courage,  
Hauing quicke feete, broad eyes, short tongues, long eares;  
To warne the Brittish Court.

And further view the Ports, faddome the Seas,  
Learne their complotments; where Invasion may  
Be soonest intertaind. All this shall lye  
On *Volusene*, a Legate, and a Spy.

*Volus.* My care and quicknesse shall deserue this kindnesse.  
Meane time vnite, and range your scattered troups.  
Imbarke your Legions at the Iceian shoare,  
And teach Erynnis swimme, which crawl'd before.

*Exeunt.*

*Fuimus Troes.*

*Act. 1. Scen. 3.*

*Cassibelane, Androgeus, Themantius, Belinus, Attendants.*

*Cassib.* Although the peoples voyce constraines me hold  
This Regall staffe, whose massie waight would bruiſe  
Your age and pleasures : yet this, Nephewes, know :  
Your trouble lesse, your honour is the same,  
As if you wore the Diademe of this Ile.  
Meane while *Androgeus* hold vnto your vse  
Our Lady-City Troynovant, and all  
The Toll and Tribute of delicious Kent ;  
Of which each Quarter can maintaine a King.  
Haue you, *Themantius*, Cornewalles Dukedome large,  
Both rich and strong, in mettalles and in men.  
I must to Verulams fenced towne repaire,  
And as Protectour for the whole take care.

*Androg.* My heart agrees. Henceforth ye Sovereigne cares,  
State-mysteries, false graces, ieaious feares,  
The Linings of a Crowne, forsake my Braine :  
These Territories neither are too wide,  
To trouble my content; nor yet too narrow,  
To feed a Princely traine.

*Them.* All thanks I render: your will shall guide ours,  
With treble-twisted loue wee'l striue to make  
One Soule informe three Bodyes, keeping still  
The same affections both in good and ill.

Now am I for a hunting match. Yon thickets  
Shelter a Boare, which spoyles the plough-mans hope :  
Whose iawes with double sword, whose backe is armd  
With bristled Pykes; whose fume inflames the ayre,  
And some be-snowes the trampled Corne. This Beast  
I long to see come smoaking to a feast.

*Exit. Themant.*

*Enter Rollano.*

*Belin.* Heere comes my Belgicke friend, *Landoræes* seruant :  
What newes, *Rollano*, that thy feet so striue

To



*The true Troianes.*

To haue precedence of each other? Speake,  
I read disturbed passions on thy brow.

*Roll.* My trembling hart quauers vpon my tongue,  
That scarce I can with broken sounds vent forth  
These sad, strange, sudden, dreary, dismall newes.  
A Merchants ship arriu'd tells, how the Romane  
Hauing run Gaule quite through with bloody armes,  
Prepares for you: His navy rigg'd in bay,  
Onely expects a gale: Farther, they say,  
A pinnace landed, from him brings command,  
Either to loose your freedome, or your land.

*Cassib.* And dares proud *Cesar* backe our vn-tam'd surges?  
Dreads he not our Sea-monsters? whose wild shapes  
Their Theaters neere yet in Picture saw.

Come Sirs, To armes, To armes: Let speedy poasts  
Summon our petty Kings, and muster vp  
Our valourous nations from the North, and West.

*Androgens* hast you to the Scots and Pictes,  
Two Names, which now Albanias kingdome share:  
Entreat their aide, if not for loue, yet feare:  
For new foes should imprint swift-equall feare  
Through all the arteries of our Ile.

*Belinus*, thy authority must rouse  
The vulgar troopes within my speciall charge,  
Fire the Beacons, strike alarums loud,  
Raife all the countrey gainst this common Foe:  
Wee'l soone confront him in his full careere;  
This newes more moues my choller, then my feare. *Exeunt.*

*Rollano, alone.*

*Roll.* I am by birth a Belgicke, whence I fled  
To Germany, for feare of Romane Armes:  
But when their bridge brideled the stately Rhine,  
I soone returnd, And thought to hide my head  
In this soft Halcyons nest, this Britaine Ile.  
But now, behold, Mars is a nursing heere,  
And gins to speake aloud.

*Fuinus Troes.*

Is no nooke safe from Rome? doe they still haunt me?  
Some peacefull God transport me through the ayre,  
Beyond cold Thule, or the Sunnes Bed-chamber,  
Where only Swine or Goates doe liue and raigne.  
Yet these may fight. Place me, where quiet Peace  
Hushes all stormes, where sleepe and silence dwell,  
Where neuer man nor beast did wrong the soyle,  
Or cropp the First-fruites, Or made so much noyse  
As with their breath. But foolish thoughts adieu:  
Now catch I must, or stand, or fall with you. *Exit.*

*Act. 1. Scen. 4.*

*Enlinus, Hirildas.*

*Enl.* The Court a wardrobe is of liuing shapes:  
And Ladies are the tissue-spangled suites,  
Which Nature weares on festiuall high dayes.  
The Court a Spring, each Madame is a Rose.  
The Court is Heauen, faire Ladies are the Starres.

*Hiril.* I, falling Starres.

*Enl.* False Eccho, don't blaspheme that glorious sexe,  
Whose beautious raies can strike rash gazers blind.

*Hir.* Loue should be blind.

*Enl.* Pray, leaue this Cynicke humour, whilst I sigh  
My Mistresse praise: Her beauty's past compare:  
O would she were more kind, or not so faire.  
Her modest smiles both curb and kindle loue:  
The Court is darke without her; when Shee rises,  
The morning is her hand-maid, strewing roses  
About loues Hemisphere: The lampes aboue  
Eclipse themselves for shame, To see her eies  
Out-shine their Chrysolites, and more blesse the skies,  
Than they the Earth —

*Hir.* Giue me her Name.

*Enl.* Her body is a Chryshall cage, whose pure  
Transparent



*The true Troianes.*

Transparent mould not of grosse elements  
Compacted, but the extracted Quintessence  
Of sweetest formes distill'd: where Graces bright  
Doe liue immur'd, but not exempt from sight. —

*Hir.* I prethee speake her.

*Eul.* Her modell is beyond all Poets braynes,  
And Painters pencells: All the liuely Nymphes,  
Syrens, and Dryads, are but kitchin-maydes,  
If you compare. To frame the like Pandore,  
The Gods repine, and Nature would grow poore. —

*Hir.* By Loue, who ist? hath she no mortall Name?

*Eul.* For heere you find great Iunoës stately front,  
Palla's gray eie, Venus her dimpled chinne,  
Auroraes rosie fingers, the small wast  
Of Ceres daughter, and Medusaes haire,  
Before it hist: —

*Hir.* O Loue, as deafe, as thou art blind! Good *Eulinius*  
Call home thy soule, and tell thy Mistresse name.

*Eul.* O strange! what ignorant still? when as so plainly  
These Attributes describe her: why? She is  
A Rhapsody of Goddeses. The Elyxar  
Of all their seuerall perfections. She is  
(Now blesse your eares) by mortals called *Landora*.

*Hir.* What: *Landora* the Trinobanticke Lady?  
How grow your hopes, what mettall is her breast?

*Eul.* All Steele and adamant. Tis beauties pride, To staine  
Her lilly white with blood of Louers slaine.  
Their groanes make musick, and their scalding sighes  
Raife a perfume, and vulture-like she gnawes  
Their bleeding hearts. No gifts, no learned flattery,  
No stratagems can worke *Landoraes* battery.

As a tall Rocke maintaines maiesticke state,  
Though Boreas gallop on the tottering seas,  
And tilting split his froath-out spurging waues  
Vpon his surly breast: So she resists:  
And all my projects on her cruell hart,  
Are but retorted to their Authors smart.

*Finimus Troes.*

*Hir.* Why then, let scorne succeed thy loue, and brauely  
Conquer thy selfe, If thou wilt conquer her :  
Stomackes, with kindnesse cloy'd, Disdaine must stirre.

*Eul.* Most impious thoughts ! O let me rather perish,  
And louing die, than liuing cease to loue :  
And when I faint, let her but heare me cry,  
Aye me, there's none, which truely loues, but I.

*Hir.* O ye crosse darts of Cupid ! this very Ladie,  
This Lady-waspe woes me, as thou dost her,  
With glaunces, iewells, bracelets of her haire,  
Lasciuious banquets, and most eloquent eies :  
All which my heart misse-consters as immodest,  
It being pointed for another Pole.  
But hence learne courage, Coosse; why stand you dumbe ?  
Women are women, and may be ore-come.

*Eul.* Your words are eare-awigges to my vexed braine  
Like henn-bane iuice, or Aconite difful'd  
They strike me senselesse.  
My kinsman, and *Hirildas* to my end :  
But I'le neere call you Counsellor, or Friend. Adieu.

*Hir.* Stay, stay. For now I meane with gentler breath,  
To waft you to your happy landing place.

Seeing this Crocodile pursues me flying,  
Flyes you pursuing : wee'l catch her by a tricke :  
With promise fain'd, I'le point a Cupids stage,  
But in the night, and secret, and disguizd :  
Where thou, which art my selfe, shalt act my part ;  
In Venus games, all Coosning goes for Art.

*Eul.* Blest be these meanes, and happy the Successe.  
Now gin I reare my creast aboue the Moone,  
And in those guilded bookes read Leactures of  
The Feminine Sexe. There moues Cassiope,  
Whose garments shine with thirteene pretious stones,  
Types of as many vertues : Then her Daughter,  
Whose Beauty without Perseus would haue tam'd  
The monstrous Fish, glides with a Starry Crowne :  
Then Iust Astea kembes her golden haire :

And



*The true Troianes*

And my *Landora* can become the skies,  
As well as They. Oh, how my ioyes doe swell !  
He mounted not more proud, whose burning Throne  
Kindled the Cedar-toppes, and quafft whole fountaines.  
Flye then, ye winged houres, as swift as thought,  
Or my desires : Let dayes bright Waggoner  
Fall headlong, and lye buried in the deepe,  
And dor-mouse-like Alcides night out-sleep.  
Good Tethys, quench his Beames, that He nere rise,  
To scorch the Moores, to sucke vp hony-dewes,  
Or to betray my person.

But prethee tell, What Mistresse you adore ?

*Hir.* The kind *Cordella*, Louing, and Belou'd :  
Onely some iarre of late about a Fanour  
Made me inueigh gainst women. Come, away,  
Our plottes desire the night, not babbling day.

*Ent.* We must giue way : Here come our reuerend Bardes  
To sing in Synode, as their Custome is,  
With former chance comparing present deedes.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 1. Scen. 5.*

*Chorus of five Bardes laureate, foure voyces,  
and an Harper : Attired.*

*1. Song.*

<i>1. At the Spring</i>	<i>Flat, acute;</i>
<i>Birdes doe sing :</i>	<i>And salme,</i>
<i>Now with high,</i>	<i>The Sunne borne,</i>
<i>Then low cry :</i>	<i>Euery morne.</i>

*All. Hees no Bard that cannot sing :  
The praises of the flowry Spring.*

<i>2. Flora Queene</i>	<i>3. Woods renew</i>
<i>All in greene,</i>	<i>Hunters hue.</i>
<i>doth delight</i>	<i>Shepheards gray</i>
<i>To paint white,</i>	<i>Crownd with bay,</i>

*And*

## Fuimus Troes.

And to spread  
Cruell redd,  
With a blew,  
Colowr true.  
All. Hees no bard, &c.

With his pipe  
Care doth wipe,  
Till he dreame  
By the streame.  
All. Hees no bard, &c.

4. Faithfull lones,  
Turtle Doves,  
Sit and bill,  
On a bill.  
Country Swaynes  
On the plaines,  
Runne and leape,  
Turne and skip.  
All. Hees no bard, &c.

5. Pandoth play  
Care away.  
Fayries small  
Two foote tall,  
With caps red  
On their head  
Dance around  
On the ground.  
All. Hees no bard,

6. Phyllis bright  
Cloath in white,  
With necke faire,  
Yellow haire:

Rockes doth moue  
With her loue,  
And make mild,  
Tygers wild.

All. Hees no bard that cannot sing,  
The praises of the flowry spring.

## 2. Song.

Thus spend we time in laughter,  
While peace and spring doe smile:  
But I heare a sound of slaughter,  
Draw neerer to our Ile.

Leaue then your wonted prattle,  
The Oaten reed forbear:  
For I heare a sound of battell,  
And Trumpets teare the ayre,

Let bag-pipes dye for want of wind,  
Let Crowd and Harpe be dumbe;  
Let little Taber come behind:  
For I heare the dreadfull drumme.

Ler



*The true Troianes.*

*Let no Birds sing, no Lambkins daunce,  
No fountaines murmuring goe:  
Let Shepheards crooke be made a lance:  
For the martiall hornes doe blow.*

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 2. Scen. 1.*

*Cassibelane, Cridous, Britael, Guerted, Nemius, Belinus,  
Enlinus. Volufene following.*

*Cassib.* Heauens fauour *Cridous* faire *Albaniaes* King:  
And *Britael* deckt with the *Demetian* Crowne:  
The same to famous *Guerted*, whose command  
Embraces woody *Ordovickes* blacke *Hilles*.  
Legate, you may your message now declare.

*Voluf.* By me great *Cesar* greetes the *Britaine* state:  
This letter speakes the rest.

*Cassib.* Then read the rest.

*Voluf.*

*Cesar Proconsul of Gallia to Cassi-  
belane King of Britaine.*

Since *Romulus* race by will of *Ioue*,  
Haue stretcht their Empire wide:  
From *Danowes* bankes by *Tygris* swift,  
Vnto mount *Atlas* side:

And *Provinces* and *Nations* strong,  
With homage due obey.

We wish that you hid in the *Sea*,  
Doe likewise tribute pay.

Submitting all vnto our willes,  
For rashly aiding *Gaule*:

And noble *Laddes* for hostages  
Make ready at our call.

These graunted may our *Friendship* gaine:

Denied shall worke your woe:

Now take your choise, whether you'de find  
*Rome*, as a *Friend*, or *Foe*.

C

*Cassib.*

*Finimus Troes.*

*Cassib.* Bold mandates are vnwelcome to free Princes.  
Legate withdraw; you shall be soone dispatch'd. *Exit, Volus.*

*Crid.* He writes more like a Victour, than a Foe;  
Whose greatnesse risen from subdued nations,  
Is fastned onely with feare's slippery knot.  
Nor can they fight so feirce, for wealth or fame,  
As we for natiue liberty. With answer rough  
Bid him defiance. So thinks *Cridous.*

*Guert.* *Guerted* maintaines the same, and on their flesh  
Ple write my answer in red Characters.

*Brit.* Thou Rauenous wolfe, Imperious monster Rome,  
Seuen-headed Hydra; know, we scorne thy threatens:  
We can oppose thy hils with mounts as high;  
And scourge vsurpers with like cruelty.  
And thus thinks *Britannus.*

*Eul.* Let *Cesar* come: Our land doth rust with ease,  
And wants an object, whose resisting power  
May strike out valarous flashes from her veines.  
So shadowes giue a Picture life. So flames  
Grow brighter by a fanning blast. Nor thinke,  
I am a Courtier, and no Warriour borne:  
Nor Loue-Object: For well my Poet saies,  
*Militat omnis Amans*, Each Louer is a Souldier:  
I can ioyne Cupids bow, and Mars his Launce.  
A pewter-coate fits me, as well as filke.  
It grieues me see, Our Martiall spirits trace  
The idle streetes, while weapons by their side  
Dangle and lash their backs, as t'were to vpbraid  
Their needlesse vse. Nor is it glory small,  
They set vpon vs last, when their proud Armes  
Fadome the Land and Seas, and reach both Poles.  
On then, So great a Foe, so good a cause,  
Shall make our name more famous. So thinks *Eulinus.*

*Cassib.* Then Friends and Princes on this Blade take oath:  
First to your Country, to reuenge her wrongs:  
And next to me, as Generall, to be lead  
With vnity and courage, *they kisse the sword.*

*All.*



*The true Troianes.*

*All.* The gods blesse Britaine, and *Cassibelane*.

*Nenn.* Now royall friends, the Heires of mighty Brute :  
You see, what storme hangs houering ore this land,  
Ready to poure downe cataclysmes of blood;  
Let antient glory then inflame your hearts :  
Beyond the craggy hilles of grim-fac'd death,  
Bright honour keeps triumphant Court, and deedes  
Of martiall men liue there in marble rolles.  
Death is but Charon to the Fortunate Iles :  
Porter to Fame.

What though the Romane arm'd with forraine spoyle,  
Behind him lead the conquered world, and hope  
To sinke our Iland with his Armies waight :  
Yet we haue gods, and men, and horse, to fight :  
And we can brauely die. But our iust cause,  
Your forward loues, and all our people edg'de  
With Dardane spirit, and the powerfull name  
Of Country ; Bid vs hope for victory.  
We haue a world within our selues, whose breast  
No Forainer hath vn-revenged prest  
These thousand yeeres. Though Rhine and Rhoane can serue,  
And enuie Thames his neuer captiue streame :  
Yet mauger all. If we our selues are true,  
We may despise, what all the earth can doe.

*Cassib.* Lets then dismisse the Legate with a frowne :  
And draw our forces toward the Sea, to ioyne  
With the foure Kings of Kent, and so affront  
His first arriuall. But before all, let  
Our Priests and Druids in their hallowed groues  
Propitiate the gods, and scanne events  
By their mysterious Artes. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 2. Scen. 2.*

*Eulim.* *Hirildas.* *Rollano.*

*Hir.* Well, so: your tongue's your own, though drunk or angry.

*Roll.* Vmh.

*seales his mouth.*

*Fuimus Troes.*

*Hir.* Speake not a word vpon your life : Be dumbe.

*Roll.* Vmh. *gives him money.*

*Hir.* I'le winch vp thy estate. Be *Harpocrates.*

*Roll.* Vmh.

*Hir.* Thy fortunes shall be double-guilt. Be midnight.

*Roll.* Vmh.

*Hir.* An excellent instrument to be the Bawd  
To his deare Lady. — But *Rollano*, harke :

What words, what looks did giue my letter wellcome ?

*Roll.* Vmh.

*Hir.* Nay, now thy silence is ante-dated. Speake.

*Roll.* Vmh.

*Hir.* I giue thee leaue, I say. Speake, Be not foolish.

*Roll.* Then——with your leaue : She vs'd vpon receipt  
No words, but silent ioy purpell'd her face,  
And seeing your Name, strait clapt it to her heart,  
To print there a New Copy : As shee'd say,  
The words went by her eyes too long a way.

*Hir.* You told her my Conditions, and my Oath  
Of silence, and that only you be vs'd.

*Roll.* All, Sir. *Hir.* And that this night——

*Roll.* I, Sir. *Hir.* You guard the Doore——

*Roll.* I, Sir. *Hir.* But I nere meane to come.

*Roll.* No, Sir ? Oh wretch !

Shall I deceiue, when Shee remaines so true ?

*Hir.* No. Thou shalt be true, and She remaine deceiu'd.  
I'le lye, and yet I will not lye. My Friend  
*Eulinius* in my shape, shall clime her Bed.

This is the point. You'le promise all your ayd.

*Roll.* Your Seruant to Command, and then Reward.

*Eul.* Wee'll draw thee Meteor-like by our warme fauour  
Vnto the roofe and feeling of the Court :

Wee'll raise thee (hold but fast) on Fortunes ladder. *Exit Roll.*

This Fellow is a Medley of most lewd

And vicious qualities : A braggart, yet a coward,

A knave, and yet a slave : True to all villany,

But false to Goodnesse. Yet now I loue him,

Because



*The true Troianes*

Because he stands iust in the way of loue.

*Hir.* *Coosse*, I commend you to the *Cyprian* Queene ;  
Whil'st I attend *Diana* in the Forrest,  
My kinsman *Mandubrace*, and I must try  
Our Grey-hounds speed after a light-foot hare. *Exit Hirild.*

*Enl.* O Loue ! whose nerves vnite in æquall bonds  
This massy frame. Thou Cæment of the world :  
By which the Orbes and Elements agree :  
By which all Liuing creatures ioy to bee,  
And dying liue in their Posteritie.  
Thy holy raptures warme each noble breast,  
Sweetly inspiring more Soule. Thy delight  
Surpasses melody, *Nectar*, and all pleasures  
Of *Tempe*, and of *Tempe's* eldest Sister  
*Elysium* : A banquet of all the Senses !  
By thy Commanding power, Gods into Beasts,  
And Men to Gods are chang'd, as Poets say :  
When Sympathy rules, All like what they obey.  
But Loue triumphes, when Man and Woman meete  
In full affection : Double vowes then fill  
His sacred Shrine. Yet, This to mee denied,  
More whets my Passion : Mutuall Loue growes cold.  
*Venus*, be thou Propitious to my wiles ;  
And laugh at Louers perjuries and guiles. *Exit.*

*Act. 2. Scen. 3.*

*Lantonus. Hulacus. Two Druids, in long robes, hats  
like Pyramids, branches of Mistletoe.*

*Lant.* That Soules immortall are, I easily grant :  
Their future State distinguisht, Ioy, or Paine,  
According to the merits of this Life.  
But then I rather thinke, being free from Prison,  
And bodily contagion, they subsist  
In places fit for Immateriall Spirits :  
Are not transful'd from Men to beasts, from beasts  
To men againe : wheel'd round about by change.

*Fuimus Troes.*

*Hul.* And were it not more cruell, to turne out  
Poore naked Soules stript of warme flesh, like Landlords,  
Bidding them wander : Then (forfooth) imagine  
Some vnkowne Caue or Coast, whether all the myriads  
Of soules deceas'd are slipt, and thrust together.  
Nay, Reason rather sayes : As at one moment,  
Some dye, and some are borne; so may their Ghosts,  
Without more cost, serue the succeeding age :  
For sure they do'nt weare; to be cast aside.  
But enter strait, lesse, or more noble bodies,  
According to desert of former deedes.  
The valiant into Lyons, coward mindes  
Into weake Hares, Th' ambitious into Eagles  
Soaring aloft; But the peruerse and peeuish;  
Are next indenniz'd into wrinkled Apes :  
Each vice and vertue wearing seemely shapes.

*Lant.* So you debase the gods most liuely image,  
The humane Soule, and ranke it with meere Brutes,  
Whose life of reason void, ends with their sense.

*Enter Belinns.*

*Bel.* Hayle to Heauens priuy Counsellors. The King.  
Desires your iudgement of these troublesome times.

*Lant.* The gods foretold these mischiefes long agoe,  
In Eldells raigne, The Earth and Sky were fild  
With prodigies, strange Sights, and hellish shapes.  
Sometime two Hostes with fiery launces met,  
Armour and Horse being heard amid the Cloudes :  
With Streamers red now march these ayrie Warriours,  
And then a sable hearse-cloath wrappes vp all :  
And bloody droppes speckled the grasse, as falling  
From their deepe-wounded limbes :  
Whilst staring Comets shooke their flaming haire.  
Thus all our Warres were acted first on high,  
And we taught what to looke for.

*Hul.* Nature tunes step-dame to her brood, and dammes

Deny



*The true Troianes.*

Deny their monstrous issue. Saturne ioynd  
In dismall league with Mars portends some change.  
Late in a groue by night, a voyce was heard  
To cry aloud, *Take heed, more Troianes come.*  
What may be knowne or done, wee'l search, and helpe,  
With all religious care.

*Belin.* The King and army doe expect as much:  
That powers diuine perfum'd with odours sweete,  
And feasted with the fat of Bulles and Rammes;  
Be pleas'd to blesse their plots.

*Lant.* All rites and orizons due, shall be perform'd.  
Chifely Night's Empresse fourefold Honour craues,  
Mighty in Heauen, and Hell, in Woods, and Waues. *Exit.*

*Act. 2. Scen. 4.*

*Cesar, Volufene, Laberius. Souldiers.*

*Cas.* What land, what people, and what answer; Show.

*Voluf.* We saw a Paradise, whose bosome teemes  
With siluer oare: whose Seas are pau'd with pearle:  
The Medowes richly spread with Floraes tapistry:  
The fields euen wonder at their haruest loades.  
In Christall streames the scaly nations play,  
Fring'd all along with trembling poplar trees:  
The Sun in Summer loath to leaue their sight,  
Forgets to sleepe, and glauncing makes no Night.  
Then for the men, Their statures tall and bigge,  
With blue-stain'd skinnies, and long blacke dangling haire  
Promise a barbarous fiercenesse. They scarce know,  
And much lesse feare our Empires might; but thus  
Return'd defiance:

*Cassibelane King of Britaine to Iulius Cesar  
Proconsul of Gallia.*

Seeing your Empire's great. why should it not suffice?  
To couet more and more, is Tyrants vsuall guize.

To

*Fuimus Troes.*

To loose what Ioue you gaue, you'de thinke it but vniust :  
You haue your answer then: Defend this Ile we must ;  
Which from the world cut of, and free from her first day ,  
Hath Iron more for swords, than Gold for tributes pay.  
If amity, and like feare, succour to Gaule impartes :  
Pardon: For this small brooke could not deuide our hearts.  
We hope the gods will helpe, and fortune backe our Cause,  
Who take Armes, but to keepe our liues, our Wiues, and Lawes.  
As you from Troy, so we; Our pettigree do claime :  
Why should the branches fight, when as the roote's the same ?  
Despise vs not, because the Sea and North vs cloze :  
Who can no further goe, must turne upon their foes.  
Thus rudely we conclude : Wage warre, or change your will :  
We hope to vse a launce, far better than a quill.

*Cas.* I grieue to draw my sword against the stocke  
Of thrice-renowned Troy : But they are rude,  
And must be frighted, ere we shall be friends.  
Then lets aboard, and hoysting sailes conuey  
Two legions ouer : For I long to view  
This vnknowneland, and all their fabulous rites ;  
And gather margarites in my brazen cap.  
Nature, nor Fates can valourous vertue Stop.

*Laber.* Now *Cesar* speakes like *Cesar* : stronger and stronger,  
Rise like a whirlwind, teare the mountaines pride ;  
Shake thy brasse harnessse, whose loud clattering may  
waken *Gradivus*, where he sleepe on top  
Of *Hæmus*, lulld with *Boreas* roaring Base :  
And put to flight this Nation with the noyse.  
A Flie is not an Eagles combatant :  
Nor may a Pygmee with a Gyant striue.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 2. Scen. 3.*

*Cassibelane. Belinus. Cominus following. Attendants.*

*Com.* Health and good fortune on *Cassibelane* tend.  
My loue to you and Britaine, waite me hither,  
To make attonement, ere the Romane Leader.

Bring



*The true Troianes.*

Bring fire and spoyle and ruine on your heads.  
No herbe can euer grow, where once he treads.  
Nothing withstands his force. Be not too hardie,  
But buy a friend with kindnesse, least you buy  
His anger dearely.

*Cassib. Comius*, speake no more: He knowes our mind.

*Com.* O let not rage so blind your iudgement, but  
Preuent with ease the hazzard of a warre,  
Of warre, a word compos'd of thousand Iles.  
O be not cruell to your selues. I'll vndertake  
Without discredit to appease his wrath,  
If you'll cas-sheere your souldiers, and receiue  
Him like a Guest, not like an Enemy.

*Cassib.* False-hearted Ganle, dar'st thou perswade euen me,  
For to betray my people to the sword?  
Now know I, thou art sent for to sollicite  
Our Princes to rebell, to learne our strength.  
Lay hands on him: A Spy.

*All.* A Spy, a spie, a traytour, and a spie. *they chaine him.*

*Com.* Is this the Guerdon of my louing care?  
You breake the lawes of Nature, Nations, Friends:  
But looke for due reuenge at *Casars* hand.

*Cassi.* Expect in prison thy reuenge. Away with him. *exit. Com.*  
*Belinus*, haue you mustered vp our Forces?

*Bel.* Yes, if it please your Highnesse.

*Cassib.* And what are the particulars?

*Bel.* First *Cridons* leades from the Albanian realme,  
Where Grampiu's ridge deuides the smiling dales,  
Fieue thousand horse, and twenty thousand foote,  
Three thousand Chariots man'd. The Brigants come  
Deckt with blew-painted shields, twelue thousand strong.  
Vnder the conduct of Demetiaes Prince,  
March twice three thousand, arm'd with Pelts and Glaues:  
Whom the Silures flanke, eight thousand stout,  
Greedy of fight, borne souldiers the first day,  
Whose gray-goose-winged shafts neere flew in vaine.  
Then *Guerter* mounted on a shag-haire steed,

*Fuimus Troes.*

Full fiftene thousand brings, both horse and foote,  
Of desperate Ordovicians, whose vse is  
To rush halfe naked on their foes, inrag'd  
With a rude noyse of pipes.  
Your Prouince bounded with that boyling streame,  
Where Sabine louely Damself lost her breath,  
And with curld-pated Humber, Neptunes heire :  
Affoordes eight thousand Carres, with hookes and sithes,  
And fiftie thousand expert men of warre :  
All braue Lhoegrians, arm'd with Pike and Speare :  
Each nation being distinguisht into troopes,  
With gawdie pennons flickering in the aire.  
Beside these, Kent is vp in armes, to blunt  
The edge of their first furious shooke.

*Cassib.* Wee'l now invite them to a martiall Feast,  
Caruing with Fauchions, and carowing healths  
In their liues moysture. Well return'd *Androgens:* *enter Andr.*  
Haue you obtain'd, or is your suite denied?

*Andr.* Our message told vnto the Scots, Their King  
VVith willing sympathy, leauies a Band,  
Ten thousand footmen, whose strange appetites  
Murder, and then deuoure; and dare gnaw, and sucke  
Their enemies bones. Conducted thence, we saw  
The Pictish Court, and friendly intertain'd,  
Receiue eight thousand, whose most vgly shapes,  
Painted like Beares, and VVolues, and brindred Tygers,  
May kill, and stonifie without all weapons.  
More aide they promise, if more need. These forces.  
Lead by Cadallan hither march with speed.

*Cassib.* Tis well, our Kings consent for common good:  
VVhen all are ioynd, we shall ore-spread the hills,  
And souldiers thicker than the sand on shoare,  
Hide all the landing coasts. Ere next day breake,  
The rockes shall answer, what the drumme doth speake.

*Exeunt.*



*The true Troianes.*

*Act. 2. Scen. 6.*

*Hulacus. Lantonus. Ministers.*

*Lant.* That ceremonious feare, which bendes the heart  
Of mortall creatures, and displaies it selfe  
In outward signes of true obedience;  
As praier, kneeling, sacrifice, and Hymnes:  
Requires againe helpe from immortall Deities,  
As promise, not as Debt: we laud their names,  
They giue vs blessings, and forgine our blames.  
Thus gods and men doe barter. What in Pietie  
Ascends, as much descends againe in pity:  
A golden chaine reaching from Heauen to Earth.

*Hul.* And now's the time, good Brother, of their aide,  
When dangers, blacke face frownes vpon our state.  
Away, away, ye hearts and tongues prophane:  
Without deuotion mysteries are vaine.

*They kneele, eleuate hands thrice.*

*Lant.* Draw neere ye heavenly powers,  
Who dwell in Starry bowers.  
And ye who in the deep,  
On mossie pillowes sleep.  
And ye who keep the center,  
Where neuer light did enter.  
And ye whose habitations,  
Are still among the nations;  
To see, and heare our doings,  
Our birthes, our warres, our wooings.  
Behold our present grieve:  
Beleeve doth beg reliefe.

*Both going around say.*

By the vertuaine, and Lunary,  
By Fernefeed planetary,  
By the dreadfull Mistletoe,  
Which doth on holy Oake grow.  
Draw neere, draw neere, draw neere.

*Fumus. Troes.*

*Hul.* Helpe vs beset with danger,  
And turne away your anger:  
Helpe vs begirt with trouble,  
And now your mercie double:  
Helpe vs opprest with sorrow,  
And fight for vs to morrow.  
Let fire consume the foe-man,  
Let aire infect the Romane,  
Let Seas intombe their furie,  
Let gaping earth them burie:  
Let fire and aire and water,  
And earth conspire their slaughter.

*Both.* By the veruaine, &c.  
Helpe vs, helpe vs, helpe vs.

*Lant.* Wee'l praise then your great power,  
Each moneth, each day, each hower:  
And blaze in lasting story,  
Your honour and your glorie.  
High altars lost in vapour;  
Young Heifars free from labour;  
White Lambes for suck still crying,  
Shall make your musicke dying.  
The boies and girles around,  
VVith honie-suckles crown'd:  
The Bardes with Harpe and riming,  
Greene bayes their browes entwining,  
Sweet tune, and sweeter dittie,  
Shall chaunt your gracious pitrie.

*Both.* By the vervaine, &c.

VVee'l praise, wee'l praise, wee'l praise.

*The image of the Moone, the Shrine opens.*

*Hul.* Fixe, holy Brother, now your praers on One,  
Britaines chiefe Patronesse; with humble cry,  
Let vs inuoke the Moones bright Maiestie.

*they kneele.*

*Lant.* Thou Queene of Heauen, Commandresse of the Deep,  
Lady of Lakes, Regent of VVoods and Deere,

A Lampe



*The true Troianes*

A Lampe dispelling irksome night: The source  
Of generable moysture. At whose feete  
With garments blue, and rushie garlands drest  
Waite twenty thousand Naiades. Thy Crescent  
Brute Elephants adore, and man doth feele  
Thy force run through the Zodiack of his limbes.  
O thou first guide of Brutus to this Ile,  
Driue backe these proud vsurpers from this Ile.  
Whether the name of Cynthiaes siluer globe;  
Or chaste Diana with a gilded quiver;  
Or dread Proserpina, sterne Dis his spouse;  
Or soft Lucina, call'd in child-bed throwes:  
Doth thee delight. Rise with a glorious face,  
Greene droppes of Nereus trickling downe thy cheekes,  
And with bright hornes, vnited in full orbe,  
Tosse high the Seas, with billowes beate the bankes,  
Coniure vp Neptune, and the Æolian slaues,  
Contract both Night and Winter in a storme:  
That Romans loose their way, and sooner land  
At sad Avernus, than at Albions strand.  
So maist thou shun the Dragons head and taylor:  
So may Endymion snort on Latmian bed:  
So may the faire game fall before thy bow:  
Shed light on vs, but lightning on our foe.

*Hul.* Me thinkes, a gracious luster spreads her brow:  
And with a nodde she ratifies our suite.

*Within.* Come neere, and take this Oracle.

*Lant.* Behold, an Oracle flies out from her Shrine:  
Which both the King and State shall see, before  
We dare vnfold it.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 2. Scen. 7.*

*Brennus Ghost. Nennius, in night robes.*

*Brenn.* Follow me.

*Nenn.* Follow? what meanes that word, who art, Thy will?

*Brenn.* Follow me Nennius.

*Fuimus Troes.*

*Nenn.* He names mee: Sure it is some friend which speaks.  
I'll follow thee, though't be through Stygian lakes.

*Brenn.* Tis Ancient *Brennus* calles, whose victories  
Europe and Asia felt, and still record.

Deare *Nennius*, now's the time to Steele thy courage.

Canst thou behold thy Mother captiue, then

Looke backe vpon thy Ancestors enroll'd

Among the Worthies, who spread wide her Fame?

First let thy Eye-balles powre out poysoned beames,

And kill them with Disdaine, who dare but lift

Their hand against her. No: no Confull must

Boast of her Thraldome, and out-braue our Walles.

I wonder that such impudent Owles should gaze

Against the splendour of our *Britaine* cliffs:

Play thou a second *Brennus*, Let thy Lance,

Like an Herculean clubbe, Two monsters tame,

*Romes* Auarice and Pride; So come Life or Death,

Let Honour haue the Incense of thy Breath.

*Exit.*

*Nenn.* Farewell heroick Soule: Thou shalt not blush,

At *Nennius* deeds. The smallest drop of Fame

Is cheape, If death and dangers may it buy.

Yet giue thy words new vigour to my spirits,

And spurre the Pegasus of my mounting thoughts:

I'll follow thee, ore pyles of slaughtered foes,

And knocke at *Plutoes* gate. I come. Come Life or Death,

Honour, To thee I consecrate my Breath.

*Exit.*

*Cesar.* *Camillus* Ghost following.

*Cam.* *Iulius*, stay heere: Thy friend *Camillus* speaks.

*Ces.* O thou Preseruer of our present Race,

Our Cities Second founder! What dire fate

Troubles Thy Rest, that thou shouldst trouble Mine?

*Cam.* Only to bid thee fight.

*Ces.* Thou shalt not need.

*Cam.* And bid thee take a full Reuenge on this,  
This Nation, which did sacke and burne downe *Rome*,  
Quenching the coales with blood, and kickt Our ashes,  
Trampling vpon the ruines of our state.

Then



*The true Troianes.*

Then led the Gaules in triumph thorow Greece,  
To fixe their Tents beside Euxinus gulph.

*Ces.* Is this that Northerne route, the Scourge of kingdomes?  
Whose names till now vnknowne, We iudged Gaules;  
Their Tongue and Manners not vnlike.

*Cam.* Gaules were indeed the Bulke, but *Brennus* lead  
Then Brother to the Britaine King, those armyes,  
Backt with great troopes of warlike Ilanders.

To thee belongs, To render Bad for Ill:  
Obee my Spirit doubled in thy breast,  
With all the Courage of three *Scipioes*,  
*Marius*, and *Sylla*: That this nation fierce  
In feats of warre, be forc'd to beare our Yoake. *Exit.*

*Ces.* So mayst thou sweetly rest, as I shall strue  
To trace your steps: Nor let mee liue, If I  
Thence disappointed euer seeme to flye, *Exit.*

*Act. 2. Scen. 3. Chorus.*

*I. Song.*

*Antient Bards haue sung,*  
*With lips dropping honey,*  
*And a sugred tongue,*  
*Of our worthy Knights.*  
*How Brute did Gyants tame,*  
*And by Isis current,*  
*A second Troy did frame;*  
*A Center of Delights.*

*Locrinus eldest sonne*  
*Did drowne the furious Hunne,*  
*But burnt himselfe with Elstrids loue.*  
*Leilt, Rex Pacificus.*  
*Elud, Indicious,*  
*How beaumenly Bodies rowle aboue.*

*Wife*

*Fuimus Troes.*

*Wife Bladud founded bath,  
Both Soule and Bodies Bath:  
Like Icarus he flew.  
How first Malmutius weares  
A golden crowne: whose heyres  
More than halfe the World subdue.*

*2. Song.*

*Thou nurse of Champions, O thou Spring  
Whence Chivalry did flow:  
Thou Diamond of the worlds great Ring,  
Thy glorious vertue show:  
Thou many a Lord hast bred,  
In Catalogue of Fame read:  
And still we haue  
As Captaines Brave,  
As ever Britaines led.  
Then dub a dub, dub. The Armies ioyne, Tantara.*

*Cassibelane with armour gay,  
And strongly couched launce:  
His courser white turn'd into bay,  
On carkeffes shall prauince.  
What a crimzon streame, the Blade  
Of Nennius sword hath made.  
Blacke Alliaes day,  
And Cannaes Fray,  
Haue for a Third long stayd.  
Then dub a dub, dub. The Armies ioyne, Tantara.*

*Act. 3. Scen. 1.*

*Noyse of Ships landing, and the battell within.  
Caesar. Volusene. Laberius. Atrius. Ensigne, Drums, Flagge.*

*Ces. Our Landing cost vs deere, many liues  
Betweene the ships and shoare being sacrific'd.*

*Our*



*The true Trojanes.*

Our men with heavy armour clogg'd, and ignorant  
Of all the flats, and shallowes, were compell'd  
To wade and fight, like Tritons halfe aboue,  
Halfe vnder water. Now we surer tread,  
Though much diminisht by so many lost.

Come on. Come on.

*They march, and goe out.*

*Cassibelane, Cridons, Britael, Guerted. The foure Kings of Kent.*

*Nennius. Androgeus. Themantius. Eulinus. Hirildas. Belinus.*

*Rollano. Ensignes. Drumme. A March.*

*Cassib.* So, let them land. No matter which they chuse  
Fishes or Crowes to be Executers :

They'le find the Land as dangerous as the Sea.

The Nature of our Soyle won't beare a Romane,  
As Irish earth doth poyson poysonous beasts.

On then : charge close, before they gather head.

*Nenn.* Brother, Aduance. On this side, Ile lead vp  
The new-come Succours of the Scots and Picts.

*They march, and goe out.*

*Cesar, &c.*

*Cas.* What, still fresh Supplyes come thronging from their dens?  
The nest of Hornets is awake : I thinke

Heere's Natures Shop : Heere men are made, not borne,

Nor stay nine tedious moneths, But in a trice

Sprout vp like mushromes at Warres thunder-clap.

We must make out a way.

*Exeunt.*

*Rollano, arm'd, cap a pea.*

*Roll.* Since I must fight, I am prepar'd to fight :

And much inflam'd, with noyse of Trump and Drum :

Mee thinks I am turn'd Lyon, and durst meete

Ten *Cesars*. Where are all these Couetous rogues ?

Who spoyle the rich for gaine, and kill the poore

For glory ? Blood suckers, and publike Robbers.

*Laber, enters. Rollano retires afraid ; but  
being gone out, goes forward.*

*Roll.* Nay stay, and bragge, *Rollano* did thee kill :

Stay, let me flesh my sword, and weare thy spoyles.

*Laber. re-enters with an Ensigne.*

E

*Laber.*

*Fuinus Troes.*

*Laber.* Come. Will ye forsake your Ensigne, and fall off?  
I call to witnesse all the gods, I heere  
Performe my duty. Thou canst not scape.

*Rollano would flye, fights, falls as wounded.*

Now dye, or yeeld thy selfe.

*Roll.* I yeeld, I yeeld, Oh saue my life, I yeeld.  
I am no Britaine, but by chance come hither:  
I'le neuer more lift weapon in their quarrell.

*Laber.* How may I trust your faith?

*Roll.* Command me any thing.

*Lab.* Lay downe your neck.

*Treads on it.*

Giue vp your sword.

*Beates him with it.*

Base coward liue: Such foes will neere do hurt.

*exit. Laber.*

*Enter Enlinus, Androgeus, Belinus, with bloody swords.*

*Enl.* Rollano, what at stand? pursue the chase.

*Roll.* I made their strongest Captaine flie: This hand,  
This martiall hand, I say, did make him flie.

*Enl.* Some silly scout.

*Roll.* He was a match for Cyclops, at each step  
The ground daunc'd, and his nostrills blew the dust:  
Arm'd as the God of Battell pictur'd is.

*Enl.* What were his lookes?

*Roll.* His browes were like a stormy winter night,  
When Iuno scolding, and Mars male-content  
Disturbe the aire: At each looke lightning flies,  
Ioue 'gainst the Gyants needed but his eies.

*Enl.* How eloquent is feare!

*Roll.* So came he stalking with a Beame-like speare,  
I gaue the onset, then receiu'd his charge,  
And next blow cleft his morrian: So he flies.

*Enl.* O brauely done. Here comes a stragling souldier. *exit. Lab.*

*Roll.* Tis he, tis he. I care not for vaine glory:  
Its sweeter liue, than dead to be a storie,

*runs away.*

*Enl.* O valiant coward, stay. Theres not a sparke  
Of Britaine Spirit doth enliue thy corps.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 3.*



*The true Troianes.*

*Act. 3. Scen. 2.*

*Nennius, pursuing.*

*Nenn.* Fight Britaines, fight. The day is ours. I'me cloy'd  
And glutted euen with slaughter. There some flie,  
And flying die, and dying mangled lie.  
I twise broke through the rankes, yet cannot find  
That ventrous Captaine *Cesar*, on whose breast  
I long to try my blade, and pricke that bladder  
Pufft with ambition, and victorious fight.

*Cesar enters.*

*Ces.* We may confesse, they come of Troiane kind,  
An hundred valiant Hectors here we find.

*Nenn.* Fairely incountred, let our blades discusse  
Who hath the iustest cause : And on this combate  
May victory her equall Ballance hang.

*Ces.* Thou seem'st a worthy Prince, and *Cesar's* match.

*They fight, wounds Nennius in the head, who staggers,  
fights, and recouers Cesar's sword false, and  
puts him to flight.*

*Nenn.* Stay, stay. Thou art at home: Heere's Campus Martius.  
The Britaines sought-for see thy frightened backe :  
Returne, and take possession of our Ile,  
And by thy death be stil'd Britannicus.  
Leaue not thy blade vnsheath'd: A tyrants heart  
To his owne sword a scabberd should impart.

Ye Senatours, and gaily-gownd Quirites,  
Open the Capitolls iuery gates, and lead  
Fat bulles with garlands Greene, and guilded hornes :  
Let supplications last for twice ten daies :

*Cesar* returns a victour.

Prepare the laureate Coach, and snow-white steedes,  
Embroydered Canopie, and skarlet gownes :  
Let Altars smoake, and Tholes expect our spoiles :  
*Cesar* returns in Triumph. — Basely flies,  
And leaues his conquest in weake infancy.

*Fuimus Troes.*

For had he won this coast, yet many blowes  
Must passe, ere he could passe the Thames; And then  
Ere he touch Humber, many nations must  
Be tam'd: And then before he Tweed can drinke,  
And climbe the craggy rocks of Caledon:  
A Life is spent: yea, many thousand liues.

Oh my wound rages, and tormented braine  
Doth labour of a Fury, not a Pallas.

This Blade was steeped in poyson: O, I am poyson'd:  
Well didst thou flye, or I had made thee taste  
Thine owne provision. Now my wrath and paine,  
With double force shall flow in purple streames.  
The three infernall Ladyes with wyar-whips,  
And speckled snakes, shall lackey close my steps;  
Whilst that I offer Hecatombes of men.  
The Latian Shepheards brood shall ban those starres,  
Whose glimmering Sparks lead their audacious Pines;  
To lye so farre from home in forraine soyle.  
When Cedars fall, whole woods are crusht: nor dye,  
Can *Nennius* priuate without company.

*Enter Laberius.*

Thou runst vpon thy death.

*Lab.* A Romane neuer daunted was with lookes;  
Else had not *Sarmatane*, and *Lybian* bug-beares  
Bin captiue led in chaines.

*Nenn.* But our lookes kill. *Fight: Laber. falls.*  
Dye Slaue, by *Casars* sword. Thou art his friend.  
Dye, as the Ransome of his greater ghost:  
And learne as well as I, how venome smarts.  
Be thou my Post to the Tartarian Prince,  
And tell him, *Nennius* comes: But first, I'll send  
More of you headlong home, a neerer way,  
Then by the cloudy Alpes. *Exit.*

*Arcturion sounded.*



*The true Troianes*

*Act. 3. Scen. 3.*

*Cassibelane. Belinus. Lantonus.*

*Cassi.* Now hot Alarums dye in fainter notes :  
Tempestuous night is gone : Victorious ioy,  
( As when pale Eos cleaves the Easterne fogs,  
And blushing more and more opes halfe her eye,  
With holy water sprinkling all the meades,  
Whose cleere Reflexe serues as her Morning glasse : )  
Doth paint with gawdy plumes the checkerd sky.  
The only Name of Victory sounds sweeter,  
Than all mellifluous Rhetoricke.

*Lant.* Thanks to *Andates*, whose power kingdomes feele :  
*Andates*, greatest goddesse : In whose traine,  
Feare, red-fac'd anger, and confusions wheele,  
Murder, and Desolation runne before :  
But ioyfull shouts, mirth, Olive-budding Peace,  
And Lawrell-crowned triumph, at her backe,  
Do pasc with stately steps. Thy Temple is,  
The Earth : where furious Monarches play the Priests :  
Armies of men imbrue thy Altar stones.  
Thanks also to the Trident-shakers Mace,  
Drawne by two ramping Sea-horses : at whose Becke,  
The waters wrinkled frowne, or smoothly smile.  
But thou Heauens Diamond, faire Phœbus Sister,  
Nor Delian Dames, nor the Ephesian Towers,  
Shall blazon more thy Praise. Thy influence strong  
Strucke vp the sandy ooes ; that madding waues  
Battered their ships, and dasht their bended sayles,  
And with a tempest turn'd them round in skorne.

*Cassib.* But where's the Answer which her Idoll gaue :  
Can you expound the sense ?

*Lant.* Dread Soueraigne, Thus runnes the Oracle;

*Loud doth the King of Beasts roare,  
High doth the Queene of Birds soare :  
But her wings clipt soone grow out :*

*Fuimus Troes.*

*Both repent they are so stout.  
Till C. gainst C. strike a round,  
In a perfect Circle bound.*

The meaning wrapt vp in crosse doubtfull termes,  
Lyes yet thus open: That disastrous fate  
Must be the Prologue to a ioyfull cloze.

The rest wee'l search out, if our skill don't faile.

*Belin.* Renown'd *Cassibelane*, might my counsell speake!

*Cassib.* I know thy loyall heart, and prudent head,  
Vpon whose haire Time's child experience hangs  
A milke-white badge of wisedome: And canst wield  
Thy tongue in Senate, and thy hands in field.  
Speake free, *Belinus*.

*Bel.* We forfeit fame, and smother victory  
By idle lingering: The Foe discomfited  
Must needs be much amaz'd: His Ships dismembred  
Doe peece-meale floate vpon the waues: The Horse,  
Whose succour he expects, are beaten backe  
By friendly windes: His Campe contracted is,  
A tithe of souldiers left, the rest all slaine:  
His chiefe munition spent, or lost: prouision,  
An Armies soule, but what we giue, he wants.  
What then shall hinder to destroy their name?  
So none againe shall venter, but our Ile  
Rounded with Nereus girdle may inioy  
Eternall peace.

*Cassib.* I like thy warning: with vnited stroke  
Of all our Nations, wee'l his Campe beleaguer,  
Devouring ships and men. But one mischance,  
My Brother's wound, his mortall wound I feare,  
Turnes all to wormewood. Why were ye dumbe ye Idolls!  
No Sainted Statue did foretell this grieve.  
Come lets goe visit him. You may, Lord Generall,  
Set *Comus* free: We loue not to insult,  
But render good for ill.

*Exeunt.*



*The true Troianes.*

*Act. 3. Scen. 4.*

*Cesar, Volufene, &c.*

*Cef.* Heauen, Sea, and Wind, and all the Elements,  
Conspire to worke vs harme. Our Ships in Gaule  
Wind-bound, at length put forth, and come in view  
Are tost, and torne : Our Navy on the shoare  
With ciuill discord breake each others planks.  
The ayrie Rulers are displeas'd, all day  
Noyfes and nimble flashes mixt with raine  
Amaze our souldiers.

To make grieffe full, my Daughters death I heare.  
When, powerfull Fortune, will thy anger cease ?  
Neter till now did *Cesar* fortune feare.

Mount Palatine, thou Throne of Ioue, and ye  
Whose lesler Turrets pinnacle Rome's head :  
Are all your Deities fled? or was I bold,  
To out-goe Nature, and our Empire stretch  
Beyond her limites ? Pardon then my fault.  
Or doe we basely faint ? Or is our might  
Answer'd with like, since Troy gainst Troy doth fight ?  
Nor can I write now, *I came ouer, and*  
*I ouercame* : Such foes deny such hast.

*Voluf.* The Ilanders consult, and sure intend  
Some sudden stratageme. And now the scales  
Poyze equall day and night, when rougher Seas,  
And stormy Pleyads may our passage stop.

*Cef.* Then Sirs, to ship: Compell'd I leaue this land:  
But to returne, if gods doe not withstand. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 3. Scen. 5.*

*Cassibelane, Belinus, Lantonus. Nennius in a chaire.*

*Nenn.* We wunne the day: and all our foes are fled ?

*Bel.* Yes noble *Nennius*, scatter'd on the shoare  
Thicke lay the Latines, and the glutted streame

Spewes

*Swimmes Troes.*

Spewes vp her dead, whom death hath taught to swimme,  
Though ignorant aliue: Their flowing blood  
Made a new Red Sea. But those few we lost,  
Sweetly reposit'd vpon their mothers breast,  
And wounded all before, kept in their face  
A warlike frowne.

*Nenn.* Where is false *Cesars* sword, call'd *Crocea Mors*,  
Which neuer hurt, but kill'd: Let it be plac'd  
Within my tombe.

*Bel.* Heere is the fatall Blade.

*Nenn.* Death like a Parthian flies, and flying kills:  
In midst of Conquest came my deadly wound.

Accursed weapon, more accursed man,  
Who Serpent-like in poyson bathes his sting:  
Tyber doth breed as venomous beasts as Nile:  
We skorne such cruell craft. But death drawes neere,  
A giddy horror seazeth on my braine.

Deare Brother, and thou holy Priest of Heauen,  
Witnesse my words; I leaue my Country free,  
And dye a victour. Thus, with lighter wing  
My purified soule mounts to her First-best Cause.

I long euen to behold those glorious Cloysters,  
Where Brutus, great Dunwallo, and his sonnes,  
Thrice noble Spirits walke.

Thou mighty Enginer of this wondrous Globe,  
Protect this Ile, confound all forraine plots:

Graunt I hames and Tyber neuer ioyne thair channells;

But may a naturall hate deriv'd from vs

Liue still in our long-trailed progeny.

(My eyes doe swimme in death.)

Before this land shall weare the Romane yoke;

Let first the adamantine axell cracke,

Which bindes the Ball terrestriall to her poles,

And dash the empty aire; Let Planets drop

Their scalding gelly, and all flame being spent,

Entombe the world in euerlasting smoake.

Come faster, Death: I can behold thy grim,

And



*The true Troianes.*

And vgly Iawes with quiet mind: Now, now:  
I heare sweet musick; and my spirit flies.

*Cassi.* His breath is gone: who was his Countries prop,  
And my right hand. Now onely doth he craue,  
To see him laid with honour in the graue.

*Act. 3. Scen. 6.*

*Enlinus, Hirildas.*

*Eul.* A mind content, Oh, tis a mind of pearle,  
A Mint of golden thoughts, A Heauen on Earth!  
When eager longer meete full-but their scope,  
And hopes are actuated beyond hope.  
So Iason ioy'd, the golden Fleet obtain'd:  
So Hercules ioy'd, the golden fruit being gain'd:  
So Venus ioy'd, the golden Ball to hold:  
So Mydas ioy'd, when he turn'd all to gold.  
So, and much more reioyc'd, the Phrygian swaine,  
When he conuaide the fairest (except mine)  
Which aire did euer kisse: His brazen keele  
Proud of her burden, slic'd the capering brine:  
The Tritons blew their hornes, and Sea-gods daunce,  
Before, behind, about his Ship they prauce:  
The meare-Maides skip ou high, but to compaire  
Their dangling tresses with her silken haire,  
These were but shadowes of my blisse. A robe  
Of pure beatitude wrapes me round about,  
Without a specke, or blemish: nor can Invention  
Wish more vnto me, than I haue, *Landora.*  
I'me rich, free, learned, honor'd, all; in this.  
Who dares conceiue against the Female sexe,  
But one base thought? Lo heere I stand, their Champion,  
And will maintaine, He is a beast, a deuill,  
Begot betweene a Bitch-woolfe, and an Incubus.  
Women, all good, all perfect, and all gracious,  
Men-making creatures, Angels clad in flesh;  
Let me adore your Name.

*Finimus Troes.*

*Hiril.* — And let me speake.

*Why:* *Landra* loues not you, but me in you.

*Eul.* But I in you inioy *Landraes* loue.

*Hir.* But she inioyes not your loue, cause vnknowne.

*Eul.* No matter; I in you, or you in me :

So that I still possesse my Dearest deare.

A paultry fancy last night in her bed.

Turmoyl'd my thoughts, which since I shap't in Rimes. Thus.

*Hir.* Prethee let's heare : I know thou art turn'd Poet.

*The Dreame.*

Night having drawne the Curtaine, downe I lye  
By one, for worse Saturnius left the skie.  
Slumbring at last : For loue can hardly sleepe :  
Strait-waies I dream'd: For loue doth Reuelles keep.  
A Damsell faire, and fashion'd for delight,  
(Our day-borne objects doe returne at night)  
With flowry chaplet, and red veluet gowne,  
Which from her breast was fastned along downe  
With rich enamel'd lockes, all which one key,  
Whose bright gold 'bout her siluer necke did play,  
Could open and diuorce. A vaile most faire,  
(Such whitnesse onely Paphian doves doe weare)  
With false light did her beauteous Front improue;  
From this Arch Cupid shot his darts of Loue.  
With gentle straine she tooke me by the hand,  
(Touches in loue doe more than tongue's command)  
Then leade s me with an amorous smile along :  
Hee's easily led, whom beauty drawes, more strong  
Than Cable-roapes. An Altar we descry,  
Where Incense-franke, and Amber fumes did flie,  
In little rowling curls : A reuerend Priest,  
With snowy beard wauing vpon his breast,  
There kneeling did his cies in sorrow steepe :  
Whose passionate cry made me, though ignorant, weepe.  
Phlegons hot breath no sooner lickes vp dew,  
Than ioy had dried those teares : For loe I view  
A circular roome, all built with marble cleare,

The



*The true Troianes.*

The title, Natures Store-house. Most strange heere  
It seem'd: I know not how we came, nor whence,  
Nor any passage saw to get from thence.  
But Oh the rich delight, and glorious fire  
Which dazeled me: No hart can more desire.  
Her first my guide op'd her spice-breathing doore,  
Aske what thou wilt, this is the Arke of store,  
No vowes are heere repul'd, she said. But I  
Surpriz'd with extreame ioy and extasie,  
By chance a Scorpion's taile behind her spide:  
Pitty, such beauty such a monster hide.  
Trembling, yet silent, doubtfull what to craue:  
Loe, with a stinke and fearefull screech this braue  
And glorious Dame doth vanish, and a dart,  
Which still I quake at, stricke me to the heart.  
But waking I reuiu'd, and found in bed,  
Such Soueraigne Balme, would cure old Peleus dead.

*Hir.* Ha, ha. Your tedious dreame hath made me drowfie.  
But harke, we must attend the Funerall pompe.

*Act. 3. Scen. 7.*

*The Funerall passes ouer the Stage. Nennius Scutcheon, armour, Cesars sword borne. Torches, Mourners.*

*Cassib.* Set downe that heauie load with heauier hearts.  
Could vertuous valour, honourable thoughts,  
A noble skorne of Fortune, pride, and death;  
Myriads of vowes and prayers sent to heauen,  
Could Countries lone, or Britaines Genius saue  
A mortall man from sleeping in his graue:  
Then hadst thou liu'd great *Nennius*, and out-lin'd  
The smooth-tongu'd Greeke. But we may more enuy,  
And lesse bewaile thy losse, since thou didst fall  
On honours lofty Field-bed, on which Stage  
Neuer did Worthy act a statelier part.  
Nor durst pale death approach with Cypresse sad,  
Till flourishing Bay thy conquering temples clad.

*Fuimus Troes.*

*A Funerall Elegie sung to the Harpe.*

*Turnus may conceale his Name, Thrush and Nightingale be dumb:  
Nennius had Aeneas fame. Sorrowfull songs besit a Tombe!  
Hannibal let Africk smother, Turne ye marble stones to water:  
Nennius was great Scipioes brother. Isis Nymphes forswear al laughter:  
Greece forbear Achilles story, Sigh and sob vpon your bed:  
Nennius had braue Hectors glory. Belyes noble Sonne is dead.*

*A Banquet seru'd ouer the stage. Rollano with a leg of a  
Capon, and a tankard of wine.*

*Roll. I like such slaughtering well, of birdes and beastes;  
Which weare no swordes, nor shake a fatall pike:  
When hogshheads bleed, and Oxen mangled lye.  
O what a world of victualls is prepar'd  
For sacrifice and feasting. Fourty thousand  
Fat Bullockes: than the Parkes and Forests send  
Full thirty thousand wild beastes, arm'd with hornes,  
And dangerous teeth: The maine battaillion  
Consists of Sheep, an hundred thousand fat:  
The winges are both supplied with birds, and fowles,  
Sans number: And some fish for succours serue.  
A goodly Army. Troynouant doth smoake,  
And smells all like a kitchen. The King, Princes,  
And Nobles of the land a Triumph hold.  
Musicke, and songs, good cheere, and wine; and wine,  
And songs and Musicke, and good cheere High, brauc.  
No more shall barly broath pollute my throate,  
But Nectar, Nectar of the grapes sweete blood:  
Come heauenly Potion, wine: whose gentle warmth  
Softens the braine, vnlockes the silent tongue,  
Wits Midwife, and our spirits vestall Priest  
Keeping aliue the naturall beate. A health,  
A health (to make short worke) to all the world:  
So will it sure goe round.*

*steales behind.*

*The*



## *The true Troianes*

*The Triumphes. Cassibelane. 4 Kings of Kent. 3 Kings,  
Cridous, Britael, Guerted, Androg. Themant.  
Hirild. Eulin. Belin. take places.*

*Cassib.* Sorrow must doffe her sable sable weedes, and ioy  
Furbish the Court with fresh and vernant colours :  
Else should we seeme vngratefull to the gods.  
Triumphs must thrust out Obsequies: And Tilt  
With Turny, and our antient sport call'd *Troy*,  
Such as Iulus 'bout his Grandsires tombe  
Did represent. And at each Temples porch  
Games, songs, and holy murdering of beastes. *they sit downe.*

*A dauncing Maske of sixe enters. Then the  
Epinicion sung by two Bardes.*

*The Romane Eagle threatening woe,  
The Sea did shadow with her wing :  
But our Goose quilles did pricke her so,  
That from the clouds they downe her bring.  
Both. Sing then ye Hilles and Dales so so cleare :  
That Io Pean all may heare.*

*They may vs call Iles Fortunate;  
They sought for life heere, not for Fame.  
All, yeeld to them, they to our State :  
The world knowes but our Double Name.  
Both. Sing then ye Streames and Woods so so cleare:  
That Io Pean all may heare.*

*Androgens, and Themantius, play at foyles. Then  
Hirildas and Eulinus play.*

*Eul.* Twas fowly plaid. *Hir.* You lye, twas fairely hit.  
*Eul.* I'le giue a quittance. *Hir.* Do your worst, vaine braggart.  
*They take swordes. Fight. Hirildas slaine.*  
*Oh, I am slaine.*

*Fuimus Troes.*

*Cassi.* Hold, hold: my Nephew's slaine before my face.  
Life shall be paid with Life. *Andr.* He shall not dye.

*Cassi.* Shall not? Your King and Vncle sayes, Hee shall.

*Enl.* No kingly menace, or censorious frowne,  
Doe I regard. Tanti, for all your power.

But the compunction of my guilt doth send  
A shuddering chillnesse through my veines inflam'd:  
Why doe ye stare, ye grisly powers of night?  
There, there, His soule goes: I must follow him.

*Offers to kill himselfe: is hinderd.*

*Andr.* He was prouok'd and did it in defence:  
And being My kinsman shall be iudg'd by lawes  
Of Troynovant: Such custome claimes our Court.

*Cassi.* No custome shall barre Iustice: I command  
That he appeare before vs.

*And.* Trials are vaine, when Passion sits as Iudge.

*Cassi.* I'll soone rebate this Insolent disdain.

*Exeunt Androg. Them. Enl.*

Let not this dismall chance deface our ioy:  
Most royall Friends.

*Crid.* Warre being silenc'd, and Enyoës rage  
In hell fast fetterd: Sound we now retrayte,  
That souldiers may regreete their household gods.  
Their children cling about their armed thighes.

*Brit.* And place their Trophies 'bout their smoaky halles;  
There hang a Gauntlet bright, here a stabt Buckler,  
Pile vp long piles, and in that corner plant  
A waighty sword, brandisht by some Centurion.  
Not he, who neere on snaky perils trod,  
But happy He, who hath them stoutly past:  
For danger's sauce giues ioy a better tast.

*Guer.* Great Monarch, if thy Summons call vs backe,  
We tender here our Seruice, Men, and Armes:  
As dutie bids, and binds.

*Cassib.* Should he returne: Our Province dares him front.  
So a most kinde adieu vnto all three.

*Exeunt Crid. Brit. Guer.*

*Cingetorix,*



*The true Troianes.*

*Cingetorix, Carvilius, Taximagubis, Segonax:*  
I know your faithfull loue, Kents foure-fold Head,  
Will checke rash Rebels, and as firmly stand  
As heartie Oakes, who beare off *Æolus* blowes,  
And with a whistle but deride his force.

*Exeunt foure Kings of Kent.*

Burst gall, and dye my actions in flame-colour:  
I saw *Hirildas* fall, and breath his soule  
Euen in my face. As though hell watcht a time,  
To crush our pompe, and glory into sighes.  
The conduits of his vitall spring being ript,  
Spurtle'd my robes, solliciting Reuenge. *Belinus,*  
Attach the Murderer, and if abettors  
Deny obedience, then with sword and fire  
Wast their Dominions. For a Traytors sake,  
Whole townes shall tremble, and the ground shall quake. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 3. Scen. 8.*

*Androgens, Themantius, Mandubrace.*

*Andr.* Shall Iustice, and iust Libra neere forsake  
The imbroydered Belt? No signe of them on earth?  
Are Gods dim-sighted growne, or doe they sleepe  
The morning, and carowse the after noone?  
That mortall motions tumble thus by chance:  
Cleau thou blew Marble Seeling, that heavens King  
With clearer ayme may strike a tyrants crowne,  
Nor spend his brimstone bullets 'gainst some hill,  
Or innocent Pine.

*Mandub.* Your iniuries run low; Mine breake all bounds.  
My Father butcherd at his lawlesse will:  
I banish'd from my lands, depos'd from rule,  
Owing my Life to night and flight.

*Them.* I doe confesse, You may complaine aloud,  
And teare the Element with a dolorous note:  
Call downe *Astræa* from her chrystall chayre,  
Or call vp *Nemesis* from the dyrefull deepe,  
To expiate your wrongs.

*Else*

*Fuimus Troes.*

Else would the Manes of your father slaine,  
In a white sheet come sliding to your Bed :  
And be reveng'd on you. He gaue you life ;  
How can you better spend it, than to wreake  
His death and slaughter ? But our case and Cause,  
Brother, is not the same : *Eulinus* flew  
His innocent friend ; And we defend the fact ;  
With hostile noyse drowning Lawe's reuerent voyce :  
But Murder out-cries Both. Giue me then leaue  
To be a Neutrall : My young yeeres vnfit  
For any desperate course, can but complaine :  
The King our Vncle doth not vse vs well. *Exit.*

*Andr.* Vsurpers vse this method still : At first  
Hee as Protector flily got the sterne,  
During our nonage : Then the Commons voyce,  
Bought with a fawning brow, and popular grace,  
Confirms his Regiment : Wee appointed shares,  
With emptie titles to beguile our thoughts,  
Like puppet-Lords, drest vp with crowne and skarfe,  
Glad that wee liue, and hunt, and raigne ore brutes.  
Our Vncle is the King. So when he saw,  
His throne establish'd, and his foes repuls'd,  
Growne bigge with prosperous fortune, proudly spurnes  
All feare of God or man.

*Mand.* His anger nurst by icalousies must feed  
On Princes flesh, who loose both state and life,  
If they but looke awry. A tyrants growth  
Rear'd vp by Ruines, thence may learne his fall :  
For whom all feare, Hee iustly feareth all.

*Andr.* In Antiphones thus tune wee female plaints :  
But plots and force besee me vs. Thus. Great *Cesar*  
Shall pull him downe below vs. Thou *Mandubrace*,  
Sure pledges take of our revolt, and quickly  
Implore his ayd : blow vp his drooping fire  
With hopefull termes. But let him stronger come.

*Mand.* I flye vnseene, as charmers in a myst.  
Gratefull Reuenge, whose sharp-sweet relish fats

My



*The true Troianes.*

My apprehensiuē Soule. Though all were par'd of,  
Which doth accrue from Fortune, and a man left  
As barely poore, as Nature thrust him out :  
Nay worse, though spirits boyle, rage, anger, care,  
And grieve like wild-horse teare the affrighted mind :  
Though wrongs excoriate the heart: yet all is sweetned,  
If vengeance haue her course. I wreake not how;  
Let Common-wealth expire, and owles proclaime  
Sad desolation in our Halls; Let heapes  
Of dust and rubbage Epitaph our townes;  
Let fire and water fight, who first shall spoyle  
This vniuersall frame. From North, or South,  
Reuenge, th'art wellcome. No sin worse than pittie :  
A tyrants onely physicke is Phlebotomy. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 3. Scen. 9. Chorus.*

*1. Song.*

<i>Reioyce O Britanie,</i>	<i>O that sweet plenish;</i>
<i>Britaine O reioyce :</i>	<i>Eloquent Orone,</i>
<i>The stormy cloud past ouer,</i>	<i>Were now to chaunt our victories,</i>
<i>And onely made a noise.</i>	<i>With a melodious tone :</i>
<i>A clattering sound was heard;</i>	<i>And rowling Echo from the dales,</i>
<i>And still we felt no wound :</i>	<i>With harmony to sound :</i>
<i>Reioyce; Reioyce :</i>	<i>Reioyce; Reioyce :</i>
<i>Thou happy Britaine ground.</i>	<i>Thou happy Britaine ground.</i>

*2. Song.*

<i>Gang ye lads and lasses,</i>	<i>Hidder, eke and shidder,</i>
<i>Sa wimble and sa wight:</i>	<i>With spiced sew ycrand;</i>
<i>Fewle mickle teene betide ye,</i>	<i>Sa that vnnearth thilke borrells</i>
<i>If ye ligg in this plight.</i>	<i>May well ne yede, ne stand:</i>
<i>Bee bonny, buxome, iolly.</i>	<i>As leese as life doe weete it,</i>
<i>Trip haydegues belime:</i>	<i>When timbarins gin sound;</i>
<i>And gif night gars the welkin merke</i>	<i>Fore haruest gil prankt up in lathe,</i>
<i>Tom piper doe you blive.</i>	<i>To louse it low around.</i>

G

*Act. 4.*

*Faunus Troes.*

*Act. 4. Scen. 1.*

*Cesar, Volufene, Attendants.*

*Ces.* A Story ist, or fable; That sterne Mars,  
Thy waight did Romulus sleepey mother presse?  
Since we thy Brood degenerous, stand at gaze,  
Charm'd in the circle of a foaming flood,  
And traile our dastard pikes? Burst Ianus prison,  
Roare as thou didst at Troy, drowne Stentors voice  
By many eights, which Pindus may re-beate,  
Which Caucasus may as a Catch repeate,  
And Taurus lough the fame: That Pygmees small  
May squeake, It thunders, and diue into burroughs.  
Let the foure winds with dreadfull clamour sing  
Thy. anger through the affrighted world.  
What Lemnian chaine shackles our mounting Eagle?  
The Moone's round Concaue is too strait a cage  
For her aduanced Pineons.

*Enter Mandubrace wounded and bloody, with Androg. young son.*

*Mane.* If pittie can haue roome in angry breast,  
Fauour a Britaine Prince, his Father slaine,  
His regiment bereft, his dearest blood  
Drawne by the sword of false *Cassibelane*.  
Hauing got Crowne, he then stricke at my head:  
Nor can I safely sucke my natiue aire.  
His Cooffe *Androgens* also, and whole regions  
In open warre withstand his violence.  
Lo, Albions aged armes spread wide t'inchaine  
Thee as her Patrone, in a true-loue knot.  
Wherefore dread *Cesar*, let thy mercy strike  
Reuengefull fire; and be iustly stil'd,  
Tamer of Tyrants. Then fame blowes aloud,  
When valour helps the weake, pulles downe the proud.

*Kneeles.*

*Ces.* Arise vnhappy Prince, our deeds shall show,  
We grant thy suite.

*To Volufene.*

*Fortune*



*The true Trojanes.*

Fortune repents at last;  
The Moone is chang'd, the Globe doth to vs turne  
Her shining checke, and woes vs with a smile.  
But what firme signes of Faith, what faithfull aide,  
What furtherance can you giue at our arriuall?

*Mand.* See here *Androgeus* heire, whose tender age  
His Father venters, and makes bold with nature,  
To pledge his Darling. He and thirtie more  
Of noble lineage shall assure our faith:  
Besides I pawne my life.

*Ces.* Enough. I'll once more crosse the Seas;  
For your good, more than mine; That happier skie  
May blesse your Townes with peace, your fields with plentie;  
Perpetuall spring in gay perfum'd attire,  
Sirname your Ile, the Garden of the West.

*Mand.* Thanks, gracious *Cesar*, for this kind acceptance,  
My knee doth kisse the ground, my lippe your knee.

Pardon ye gods, if any haunt our land,  
Ye Nymphes, and Lares, Fawnes, and Siluanes wild;  
That thus I bring a stranger on our coasts,  
Whose forraine shape and language, may affright  
Our lazie clownes, and on my Countries backe  
Once tread victorious steps: Be pleas'd to view,  
Wrongs now redrest, neglected first by you.

*Ces.* Now *Volasene*:  
Our glorious state, like the noone-pointed Sunne,  
When he bestrides the Lyons flaming fleece,  
Doth North-west rowle his burning brand, whose fire  
The Oceans blue lake cannot stop, but flies  
With brighter blaze to thaw the frozen Iles.  
But how proceedes our preparation?

*Volas.* Many strong Ships are built, fine Legions arm'd  
Readie to launch. *Ces.* Blow gently *Africus*,  
Play on our poores: When *Hyperions* Sonne  
Shall couch in West his some-bedappled iades;  
Wee'l rise to runne our course.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 4.*

*Faustus Troes.*

*Act. 4. Scen. 2. Eulinius.*

*Eul.* Though Orpheus Harpe, Arions Lute, the Chimes  
Whose siluer sound did Thebane towers raise :  
Though sweet Vrania with her ten-string Lyre,  
Vnto whose stroke the daily-rowling Sphaeres  
Dance their iust measures ; Should with tune and tone  
Tickle my eare-bred ayre : Yet can their notes  
Those fabulous stones more enter, than my Soule.  
Lead, poppy, Slumber stupifie my heart :  
But Bedlame grieve aches gambolles in my braine.  
The Centaures Wheele, Prometheus Hawke, The Vulture  
Of Tityus, Sisyphus neuer mossie stone,  
The tale of Danaids tubbe, and Tantalus gaping,  
Are but flea-bitings to my Smart : I've flaine  
A kinsman : more, A friend I dearly lou'd :  
Nay more, no cause prouoking, but in rash  
And hellish choller.  
I had thought my Loue had cannon-prooffe bin 'gainst  
A world of iniuries : when see, all is split  
By a small wind. Cursed be thou my Sword,  
The Instrument of Fury : Cursed hand,  
Which mad' st the thrust : But most accursed Part,  
Whose ruddy flesh triangular boyled in flame,  
Like an *Aetnean*, or *Vesuvian* Salamander.  
That Breast, I so could hugge, that faithfull breast,  
That snowy white, I with darke sanguine stayn'd ;  
And from the wounds red lips, his panting heart  
Did seeme to speake, *Is this a friendly deed ?*  
O no, *Hirildas* : Beares can harmelesse play,  
Lyons can dally, and sheath vp their clawes :  
I onely, worst of brutes, kill friends in iest.  
Why dost *Androgeus* kindly-cruell keepe  
Mee from their Sentence ? Say, Law bids me dye :  
If Law should not, Ile make that Law my selfe.  
Shall Ensignes be display'd, and Nations rage  
About so vild a wretch ? Shall forraine hooves  
Kick vp our trembling dust, and must a *Cesar*

Redeeme



*The true Troianes.*

Redeeme my folly with a kingdomes fall?  
First may I stop blacke Cerberus triple iawes.  
Dye, Dye, thou hast out-liv'd thy selfe. Thou only,  
Phænix of females, still dost bind and bound  
My runnagate spirit in these walles of mudde:  
From thee, and For thee tis, I breath. Yet how  
Borrow can I his Shape, or vse mine owne?  
Odious before, now worse than hell-borne goblin  
With brand and chaines, to skare this Doue all quaking  
Twixt wrath and feare. But Time may fanour win:  
When Hope doth fayle, then Knife or Rope begin. *Exit.*

*Act. 4. Scen. 3.*

*Cassib. Belin. Rollano.*

*Cass.* W ifdome confirme my Sense: what seem'd their number?

*Roll.* Rising from shore Coniecture might descry  
A thousand Ships with painted prowes, to pave  
The briny fields of Neptune, their broad sayles  
Did Nereus canopy, Titans taper vayle.  
As nations twenty nine 'gainst Troy built vp  
A floating Delos of a thousand Ships,  
To plough the liquid glasse: No frame of Pallas,  
No crafty Sinon; but Those wooden horse  
Did *Troy dis-Troy*: So Troynovant shall feele  
Her Mothers Fate: *Achilles* comes againe:  
And Pergamus againe shall sinke in dust:  
They threaten. *Exit.*

*Cass.* Wonder! What can their Arsenalles spawne so fast?  
Last yeere his Barkes and Gallies were debosh't;  
This spring they sprout againe: Belike their Nauy  
Like the Lernean adder faster growes,  
The more tis prun'd. They come their last. Lord Deputy,  
Lead on the present troopes, and leauy new.

Twere best I thinke to lett Him land, least view  
Of his huge Nauy should our Commons fright:  
Retire our selues to some place of advantage,  
Entice him from his ships: So cutt the veines  
Which nourish both: Enclos'd he cannot scape.

*Enimvs Troes.*

*Bel.* I rather iudge, We should oppose his footing,  
Vsing the benefit of our naturall mound.

*Cass.* Vncertaine tis, where, when, he makes in-road :  
To furnish all, vnlikely : to neglect  
Any, were dangerous, as Pelides heele.  
Our shores are large, and leuell : Then t'attend  
His time and leasure, would exhaust the state,  
Weary our souldiers.

*Bel.* All places may be strengthened more, or lesse :  
As by last yeere, Discretion now may guesse.  
The Clifts themselues are Bullwarkes strong : The Shelves  
And Flats refuse great ships, the coast so open,  
That euery stormy blast may rend their cables,  
Put them from anchor : Suffering double warre,  
Their men, pitcht battaile; and ships, navall fight.  
For charges, tis no season to dispute :  
Spend something, or loose all : Shall he maintaine  
A fleete to inthrall vs, we detra & small costs,  
When freedome, life, and kingdome lye at stake ?

*Cass.* But the Assaylants are the flower of Italy  
Backt with foure hundred Gallick horse, all tried  
And gallant troopes, ioynd in one martiall body,  
To giue a fuller stroke ; When we Defendants  
Scatterd along, can weake resistance make :  
Plainenesse of ground affoording vs no shelter.

*Bel.* For what serues Art and Engines, Mounts and Trenches,  
But to correct the nature of a plaine ?  
A few on firme land may keepe out a million,  
Weaken'd by sea, false footing, billowes rage,  
And ponderous rage. When as receiu'd within,  
He prospers by our spoile; We feed a Viper :  
And male-contents and rebells haue a refuge.  
Nor were it safe, to venter all at once :  
When one fought field being lost, swift ruine runnes  
And rushing throwes downe all.

*Cassib.* We know our strength, and his: wee'l fight in field.  
Some dozen miles from sea. An open Theater  
Giues luster to our prowesse : To keep him out

Supposes



*The true Troianes*

Supposes feare, not manhood. No, let him march,  
Till he rowse death, and stride his future graue.

*Bel.* Your will commands, and mine obeies.

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 4. Scen. 4.*

*Cesar, &c. Ensigne, Drumme, Trumpet, Flag, Souldiers,  
Shipmen. The noyse of landing.*

*Ces.* The coast is cleere. Our honour is the Goale.  
In vaine doth Tagus yellow sand obey,  
Rhenes horned front, and nimble Tygris running  
For wager with the wind, which skimmes his top:  
In vaine from Ganges to Hesperian Gades,  
The Bounds markt out by Ioues two base-borne Sonnes,  
Our Ecchoed Name doth sound: If we recoyle  
From hence againe not victours.  
Ye Pilotes old, who were begot on mere-Maides,  
Whose Element is the Sea, bred and brought vp  
In cradles rockt with stormes, and wooden walles,  
Feare not to grapple with their seas. Feare not  
Their bulkes, Brave veteranes: That extended masse  
Is not of iron, but can bleed, and dye:  
They were not dipt in Styx: nor are they Gyants,  
Or wild Poetick Centaures we assayle:  
Let then this voyage quit our credit lost,  
And let Rage lash on Courage. Heere's the Game:  
Life may be lost, but sure wee hold fast Fame.

*They march about, and goe out. The whole  
battaile with-in*

*Cassib. Belin. &c. Souldiers.*

*Cass.* Our first attempt doth prosper: They retiring  
Scudde to the bosome of their Firre-tree vaultes,  
And vnder hatches hide themselves from death.  
The Cornish band made havocke of their ranks,  
Like Scythian wolues midst of a bleating fold:  
The gingling launces, ratling chariot-wheels  
Madded their horse. The Bow men merrily shott.

*Bel.* Yet would our tributary Kings had succoured!

*We*

*Fuimus Troes.*

We are decay'd they much in number growne,  
And surely will make head againe.

*Cassib.* Feare not, thou knowest I can euen with a whistle,  
Hide Kent with glittering armes: More flaming sparkles  
Paint not a freezing night: nor speckled Bees  
Buzze not about sweet Hyblaes bloomy head.  
But what need millions, when some thousands serue?

O did my Brother liue! wee'de clime the Alpes;  
Like braue Mulmutius sonnes; make Romulus wolfe  
Howle horror in their streets, and Rome looke pale,  
As when the Punicke Captaine eyed her walles. *march out.*

*Cesar. Volusene. &c.*

*Cas.* Are ye the Men, who neuer fought in vaine?  
Who weare Bellonaes fauours, in your skarres:  
I, ye are They. What then benummes our Spirits?  
Our Empire from *Quirinus* narrow Center  
Doth circling spread, and finds no brinke nor bottome.  
Titan no later sets, nor earlier wakes,  
Than he beholds our Provinces. Why, then?  
What Priviledge hath this place? Haue wee, or They  
The Phrygian powers? Haue they Palladium got?  
No, no, Those gods our Capitoll keepe with ioy:  
These only haue vn-daunted minds from Troy.

*Enter Q. Atrius.*

What newes, good *Atrius*? *Atr.* No good newes from *Atrius*.  
When ominous Earth with shade and cloudy vapours  
Had darknesse doubled, stormes began to sound,  
The dabled South, ruffe-footed Aquilo,  
Came rushing like two Rams, whose steeled hornes  
Dart fiery sparkes: The clouds crusht breathe out flames:  
Thunder and Lightning daunt all eares and eyes.  
The windes and billowes strue, who loudest roare.  
The skie distill'd in raine: his roome to fill,  
Ambitious waues would clime the starry hill.  
Our ships are batterd all, some fortie sunke.

*Cas.* What diuell-Cacus drags our Fortune backe?  
Doth Shee mooue retrograde? and hoyst vs vp.  
That we may fall at heigh? Why doest *Camillus*

Each



*The true Troianes.*

Each night torment my sleep, and cry, Renenge?  
I striue against the streame.

*Enter Androgens, Mandubrace, souldiers.*

*Androg.* Thus ioyne we Standards: And resigne the keies  
Of Troynovant, with all our warlike forces.

*Mand.* By me the Trinobants submit, and Cenimagnians,  
Segontiackes, Ancalites, Bybrockes, and Cassians,  
Sixe worthy nations doe desire thy guard.

*Ces.* All, all shall know our loue.

*Mand.* The Tyrant lies on Isis flowrie bankes,  
Where a full Quier sing of white-surplis swannes.  
The foordes vnleuell belly they haue fenced,  
With sharpe stakes vnder water. (progresses)

*Ces.* Nor stakes, lakes, foords, nor swords shall checke our  
Those downie swannes shall heare more funerall notes.  
Their Kings departed, *Nennius* dead, whose losse  
Would teares extort euen from Pumicean eies;  
Had Britaine nurst but such another Champion,  
They might haue stucke their darts on our barr'd gates,  
And Latium trembled with contrary fates.  
In what now lies their hope?

*Mand.* Great numbers still remaine: nay worse, they laugh  
At death, and boldly trust (as Druids preach)  
Their soules who die in fight shall liue in ioy.  
Hence count they dangers, benefits: and die  
With freedome in their mouth, and willfull rage.  
But let soft mildnes waite on women, Let  
Thy wrath ring through the woods in dustie noise,  
To tell thy comming. No man's built so loftie,  
But his foundation meetes the humble dust:  
Which vndermin'd, how high he pearc'd the clouds,  
So deep he sinkes.  
Hostile and ciuill foes shake top and roote  
As windes inuade aboue, and Vines below.  
And so will We.

*Ces.* No doubt: This blow shall like an earth-quake mooue  
The rootes and pillars of this sea-clipt Ile.

H

A done

*Fuimus Troes.*

A cloud of vultures shall attend our Campe,  
And no more shall the fields beare Vert, but Gules:  
The graine en-grained in purple die shall loose  
His verdant hue. Bones, marrow, humane limbes  
Shall putrifying reake, whose vapoured slime  
Kindled on high may breed long-bearded Starres,  
To tell more mischiese, and out-beard Apollo.

*Mand.* Let's wast no time, least more vnto him flocke,  
As humours glide to guard the wounded member.

*Cæs.* *Atrius*, let our ships be drawne on shoare,  
New-rigg'd and mended. I must needs confesse him  
A darling of the gods; vnder whose colours  
Starres, winter, skie, and tempests serue in pay,  
And know both march and skirmish by his Drumme. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 4. Scen. 5.*

*Rollano. Eulinius hearkning.*

*Roll.* O my deare Ladie, hast thou slaine thy selfe?  
So fairely pure, so kindly chaste, so *cries.*  
A Venus and Diana mixt in one.  
She eat her meate with studdes of Pearle, she kist  
With Rubies, and she look't with Diamonds bright.  
Fish seas, and foule the aire, hunt all the earth,  
For such another bit, and loose your labour.

*Eul.* O, why dost thou complaine.

*Roll.* Had she not kill'd her selfe, no cruell Atropos,  
No fury could for pittie cut her thread.  
She was the Load-stone of all eies, The whet-stone  
Of all braines, the touch-stone of all hearts: She was—*cries,*

*Eul.* O my presaging thoughts in vgly forme  
Suggest some Tragedy. Speake: yet stay a while:  
I know thou kill'st with speaking. Be then dumbe:  
Let sound neere giue those Notions airie robes.  
Yet speake, dispatch me: Feare's as bad as death.  
Oh, could no tongue affirme it! Is she dead?

*Roll.* My Mistresse is.

*Eul.* VVither ye pleasant gardens, where she trod:  
VWhite lillyes droope, and blasted dayfies winke,

And



*The true Troianes.*

And weep in pearely dew. Blind Vesper mourne,  
Hang thy cold teares on euery grasse blade.  
Groane loud ye woods, and teare your leaſie haire:  
Let wind and hoarie froſt kill euery flower:  
For ſhe is gone, who made continuall May.  
Let foggie miſtes envelop Sunne and Starres:  
For ſhe is gone, who made perpetuall day.  
Confounded Nature ſtand amaz'd, diſſolue  
Thy rowling engines, and vnbrace the Seas:  
Fling all into their firſt diſordered lumpe.  
For thy chiefe paragon, thy rich Maſter-piece,  
The Iewell, for which thou didſt venter all,  
Is loſt, is loſt. And can I liue to ſpeake it?  
How died ſhe?

*Roll.* By a poiſoned draught.

*Enl.* The very word (poiſon) infects my breath.  
Durſt thou preſume to paſſe that corral portch?  
Were not her Lippes ſufficient Antidote?  
Durſt thou deſcend through thoſe cloſe winding ſtaires  
With treacherous intent? How could thy venome  
Seaze on her, and not ſweetned looſe his vertue,  
Or rather vitious qualitie? May toades,  
Dragons, and mandrakes be thy gally-pottes:  
This Bodie was a caſket for the graces,  
No caſke for poiſon. With her dies all loue:  
Cupid may breake his Bow, his arrowes burne,  
Then quench his Taper in a flood of teares.  
Is ſhe dead?

*Roll.* Or in a long trance. *Enl.* She may reuiue:  
I'll viſit her: Art may prolong her daies,  
Whether ſhe will or no.—

*Exeunt.*

*Act. 4. Scen. 6. Chorus.*

*I. Allecto riſing from the lakes  
Of night's ſad Empery:*

*With knotty bunch of curled ſnakes,*

*Doth laſt faire Britany.*

*Fuimus Troes.*

2. *More ghastly monster did not spring,  
From the Hybernian flood:  
With which Morindus combating,  
Of foe became his food.*
3. *Shall no more Shepheards in the shade  
sit whistling without care?  
Shall neuer speare be made a spade,  
And sword a plowing share?*
4. *Grant heaven at last, that Musick loud  
Of blondy Mars be still:  
That Britaine Virgins in a croud,  
With hymnes the skie may fill.*

*2. Song.*

*Nor is Landoraes losse,  
The least part of our mournfull muse:  
Ioue Iuno for to crosse,  
This Troiane Dame for Bride did chuse.  
Where Shee doth shine,  
'Bone Guendoline,  
The Amazon of her daies:  
And Mercia wife  
Law to denise. O sound Lando. praise.*

*There doth she shine above,  
Cleare as great Deliaes horned bow,  
Bright as the Queene of Lone,  
To shoote downe gentle beames below.  
Sabrina dare  
Not to compare  
With her most splendent raies:  
A ring the skie,  
A gem her cie: O sound Lando. praise.*

*Act. 5. Scen. 1.*

*Cesar, Androgeus, Mandubrace, &c. souldiers.*

*Ces. Thus gaine we ground: yet still our foes will fight,  
Whether*



*The true Troianes*

Whether they winne or loose. With bloody drops  
Our path is printed : Thames his maiden-cheekes  
Blush with vermillion : Nations crave our League  
On euery side : Yet still *Cassibelane* braves vs,  
Nor will submit.

*Androg.* Not farre hence *Verolame* lies, his chieftest fort,  
By nature guarded round with woods and fennes,  
By Art enclosed with a ditch and rampire :  
From hence we must dislodge the Boare.

*Mand.* There are but two wayes to assaile this Towne :  
Both which I know. Your parted army must  
Breake thorow both at once, and so distract  
His doubtfull reskues.

*Enter Volusene with Hulacms prisoner.*

*Hul.* Draw slaves vnwilling, I dare meete my death :  
And lead my Leader. *Vol.* You'le repent anon,

*Hal.* If I doe ill : But not for suffering ill.

*Vol.* Your stoicall apathy will relent I know.

This Priest I caught within a shady grove,  
Devoutly kneeling at a broad Okes foot.  
Now He awaites your Doome.

*Ces.* What god adore you ? *Hul.* Him, whom all should serue.

*Ces.* Whats the Moone ? *Hul.* Nights Sunne:

*Ces.* Whats Night ? *Hul.* A foyle to glorifie the Day.

*Ces.* What most compendious way to happinesse ?

*Hul.* To dye in a good cause.

*Ces.* What is a man ? *Hul.* An Hermaphrodite of soule & body.

*Ces.* How differ they in nature ?

*Hul.* The body hath in waight, the soule in length.

*Ces.* One question more : What dangers shall I passe ?

*Hul.* Many by land and sea : As steps to glory.

Throw Palatine on *Æsquiline*, on both  
Heape *Aventine*, to raise one Pyramis : for a  
Chaire of Estate, where thy aduanced Head  
Among those Heroes pictur'd in the Starres,  
Orion, Perseus, Hercules, may consult  
With Ioue himselfe. But shun the Senate house.  
March round about the *Caspian* sea ; search out

*Primum Troes.*

'Mong Cedars tall the Arabian Phoenix nest;  
Run counter to old Nile, till thou discover  
His sacred head wrapt vp in cloudy mountaines:  
And rather than worke fayle, Turne Hellespont  
Out of his channell; Digge that Isthmus downe,  
Which tyes great Africk. Shun the Senate house.

*Be Saturne, and so thou shalt not be Tarquine.*

*A Brutus strong,*

*Repayes in Fine:*

*Thy brutish wrong*

*To Brutus line.*

*Cas.* Wee'll talke at leasure more. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 5. Scen. 2.*

*Cassib. Belin. &c.*

*Cass.* No rampires keepe him backe: He presses forward,  
Though euery stampe he treads, seemes to coniure  
The fates from their infernall center. None  
But he, durst be so bold.

*Bel.* Yes, when Britaines lead, and *Mandubrace* insulting  
With naked sword calles on the lagging souldiers:  
When *fearce Androgens* with revolted nations,  
Vsher his army. No way halfe so quicke  
To ruinate kingdomes, as by home-bred strife.  
Thus while we single fight, we perish all.

*Cass.* I, I, those treacherous caitiffes, rebell slaves:  
O may their countryes heavy curse them sinke  
Below the nine-fold brazen gates of hell:  
That princ Cox proud: I, twas a scape in policy,  
I should haue slaine the whelps with their good Syre.

Let Britaines climactericall yeere now runne,  
The Series breake of seuentie Kings: Nay let  
One vrne conclude our ashes and the worlds.  
Besfall what will: In midst of horrors noyse,  
And crackling flames, when all is lost, wee'll dye  
With weapons in our hands, and victory skorne:  
There's none that dye so poore, as they are borne.

Faithfull *Belinus*, let a Post command



*The true Troianes.*

The Kentish Kings to set vpon his fleete :  
Whilst we heere bid the bace. Foure thousand chariotteers,  
( Such as did glide vpon the Phrygian Plaines,  
And wheeling double seruice doe performe,  
Both horse-mans speed, and foot-mans stable strength )  
Still doe remaine : With these and flocking voluntaries  
Wee'll giue him once more battell. Let the Captaines  
Enter, and heare my charge. *Enter Captaines. He stands  
on a throne.*

Subiects and Fellow-souldiers ; We must now try  
For ancient freedome, or perpetuall bondage.  
There is no third choise. The intraged foe  
With cruell pride, proud avarice, hath spoyl'd  
From East to West, hunting for blood and gaine.  
Your wiues and daughters ravisht, ransackt townes,  
Great bellyes ript with launces, sprawling babes,  
The spouse about her husbands necke run through  
By the same speare. Thinke on these Obiects :  
Then choose them for your Lords, who spoyle and burne  
Whole countryes ; and call Desolation, Peace.  
Yeeld, yeeld ; That he ennoble by our spoyle,  
May clime the Capitoll with triumphant carre,  
You led fast fetterd through the staring streets,  
For citie Dames to mocke your habite strange,  
And fill their arras hangings with our story.  
No : *Brennas* ghost forbid, who this night stood,  
Before my eyes, and grimly furious spake :  
Shall Britaine stoop to Romane Rods and Hatchets,  
And servile tribute ? Will ye so defame  
Your ancestors, and your successors wrong,  
Heires but of slavery ? O, this day make good  
The glory of so many ages past !

I see, you are incens'd, and wish to vse  
Your weapons, not your cares.  
All. To armes, to armes, to armes : Wee'll fight, and dye.

*Exeunt.*

*Fuinus Troes.*

*Act. 5. Scen. 3.*

*Enlinus, in a nightcap. vnbraced. Violl. Poynado.*  
*Playes and sings to the violl.*

*So the Siluer-feathered swan,  
Both by death and colour wan,  
Lones to sing before shee dye,  
Leaning life so willingly.  
But how can I sing a note?  
When dead hoarsenesse stops my throat:  
Or how can I play a stroke?  
When my heart-strings all are broke.*

Come guilty night, and with blacke velvet wings  
Mantle me round; Let melancholike thoughts,  
Hang all my braine with Blacks: This darke some grove,  
My gallery. So, all things suite my mind:  
Such funerall colours please a gasping heart.

I dyed with thee *Landora* once: Now only  
Some stragling spirits are behind, to be  
Laid out with most thrift on thy memory.

Where shall I first begin my last complaint,  
Which must be measur'd by my glasse of life?  
At thee *Hirildas*? Slaine in furious moode,  
By whose helpe only I inioy'd my loue?  
Or thee *Landora*? dying for his sake,  
And in thy death including mine?  
Or at my Countries wracke? whose surface torne  
Doth for my vengeance importune the Pole?  
Or at my selfe? I, there is sorrowes spring.

Shall I goe wandring lurke in woods vnknowne,  
A banisht Hermite, and sigh out my griefes?  
Teaching the prettie birds to sing my deare,  
My deare *Landora*: There to feed on acornes,  
Drinke the cleare fountaine, and consume with weeping,  
Were but an easie life, an easie death:  
My violent passion must haue sudden vent.

Refined Soule, whose odoriferous light,  
The damned hags stare at, and whining elves,

**Thinking**



*The true Troianes.*

Thinking it Heauen in hell: Behold my pangs,  
Pittie my dying groanes, and be more soft.  
O may our shadowes mingle; then shall I  
Enuie no more those Citizens aboue,  
The ambrosian iuncates of the Olympian hall  
And all that gorgeous Roofe. But cowards talke.  
Come thou last refuge of a wearisome life; *Drawes his Poynado.*  
A pasport to the Elysian land, A key  
To vnlocke my griued in-mate. Loe I come.  
O let this riuer from my eyes, this streame *unbations.*  
From my poore breast, beg fauour of thy ghost:  
O let this luke-warme blood thy Rigour sleepe, *stabs.*  
And mollifie thy adamantine heart.  
Leander-like I swim to thee through blood:  
Be thy bright eyes my Pharos, and conduct me  
Through the dull night of gloomy Erebus.  
Flow, flow, ye liuely drops, and from my veines  
Run winding to the Ocean of my blisse:  
Tell her my loue, and if Shee still shall doubt,  
Sweare that ye came directly from my heart.  
I stay too long. *stabs agen.* Sweet Lady giue me wellcome.  
Though I shall passe twelue monsters as the Sunne,  
Or twelue Herculean labours on a row:  
Yet one kinde looke makes all my iourney sweet.  
Thou Fayry-Queene of the Tartarian Court,  
To whom Proserpine may the Apple giue,  
Worthier than Shee, to warme old Plutoes bed:  
See thy poore vassall weltering in his goare.  
I faint, I faint.  
I dye thy Martyr, as I liu'd thy Priest:  
Great Goddesse be propitious, Sweet *Landora* —  
*fallies and dyes.*

*Act. 5. Scen. 4.*

[*The foure Kings of Kent march over the stage. A Drum stricke  
up within. Q. Atrius comes with Cingetorix prisoner.*

*Rollano running. Volusene meetes him.*

*Roll.* What shall I doe? How shall I scape? *falls for feare.*

*Vol.* I scorne to take aduantage, Rise and Fight.

*Finis Troes.*

*Roll.* I had rather be kill'd quickly, quickly.

*Vol.* Then die, as thou desirest.

*Roll.* O let me winke first.

I shall neuer indure it. Oh, oh. I am pepper'd and salted.

*Exit. Volus. Roll, crawles away.*

*Cassibelane, Belinus, &c.*

*Cassib.* O that base Fortune should great spirits damp,  
And fawne on muddie slaues : That enuious fate  
Should ripen villany with a Syrian dew,  
And blast sweet vertue with a Sirian flame.

A Catalogue of mischiefes doe concurre.

Our Britaine Hector, *Nennius* dead: Our Kings

Angry to be refus'd, sit stil at home :

And then those traitors with their traine augment

His huge and expert Armie : Nothing stops him;

Riuers, nor Rampiers, Woods, nor dangerous Bogges ;

On this side Thames his dismall Ensignes shine :

Last, Kents vnhappy rulers are at Sea

Ore-throwne, and our men almost spent. Then, Generall,

In desperate pride, and valours scornfull rage,

Let vs runne head-long through their armed tents,

And make their Campe a Shambles : So to raise

Our loftie toombes vpon their slaughtered heapes.

*Bel.* Nay, rather first lets parley for peace.

*Cassib.* Ye Country-gods and Nymphes, who Albion loue,

Old Father Neptune, all ye powers diuine,

Witnesse my loyall care : If humane strength,

Courage, and policy, could a Kingdome saue;

We did our best. But discord, child of hell,

Numbers of traine-men, and each Captaine pickt

Out of a Province, make vs bow or breake.

In vaine we striue, when Deities doe frowne :

When Destinies push, Atlas himselfe comes downe.

*Enter Comins.*

*Bel.* No mediator is so fit as *Comins* : And heer's the man.

*Com.* Doe not the dangers which environ you,

Call



*The true Troianes.*

Call for a good conclusion? which I wish  
As friend to both sides.

*Cassib.* No *Comius*: There is more behind, than *Cesar*  
Hath ouer-runne: Our Chariotters still driue,  
Our harnesse still is worne: Through woods and lakes  
Wee'l tire his daintie souldiers: Then set fire  
On Townes, and sacrifice our selues, our wiues,  
Our goods, and cattell, in one publike flame:  
That wind may blow our ashes in his face.

*Com.* So shall dead Elements curse your causelesse fury.  
Rather conclude some friendly peace.

*Cassib.* Thus farre we heare you: If with honoured termes,  
And royall lookes, he will accept our faith:  
We will obey, but neuer serue.

*Com.* I'll vndertake as much. *Exeunt.*

*Act. 5. Scen. 5.*

*Androgeus, Themantius.*

*Andr.* Thus ciuill warre by me, and factious broyles,  
Deface this goodly land: I am reueng'd:  
The cause *Enlinus* dead, my Anger dies.  
He is our Vncle, and in danger's mouth;  
Both claime relenting pittie. Whom peace made  
A rampant Lyon, warre hath made a Lambe.  
*Cesar* shall not proceede, for priuate ends,  
To captinate our Ile: whose clamorous curse  
Doth knock, I know, at Heauens Starre-nailed gates:  
For that Ioues bird, impt with our plumes, ore-flew  
The Oceans wall; To seeke her prey in Britaine.

*Them.* I, we haue made a Rod for our owne backes:  
Fetters of gold are fetters. No gap worse  
To let destruction in by, than to call  
A forraine aide: who hauing seene our weaknesse,  
And tasted once the fatiernes of our land,  
Is not so easily thrust out, as admitted.  
Such medicine is worse than the maladie,  
Fretting the bowells of our kingdome.

*Andr.* I know their hatred iust; and heere resigne

*Fuimus Troes.*

All my birth-right to thee, my second selfe :  
I must forsake my Countries sight, and seeke  
New fortunes with this Emperour; In hope  
To be rail'd vp, by his now rising wheele.

*Them.* O, doe not so, deare Brother. So to part,  
Were to diuide one Indiuiduall Soule.  
Nor thinke me so ambitious: I can liue  
A priuate life, and see a regall Crowne,  
With no more entry than I see the Sunne,  
Glitter about me. Let not Lud's two sonnes  
Be parted by a Sea: I hold your presence,  
At higher price than a whole kingdomes pomp.  
Keepe then your right: like those admired twinnes,  
Let vs reioyce, mourne, liue, and die together.

*Andr.* You shall a Scepter gaine. *Them.* And loose a Brother.

*Andr.* Beare you the Soueraigne power of this land.

*Them.* A body politicke must on two legges stand:  
I'll beare a part, so to diminish enuy.

*Andr.* I must away, and shun the peoples eie.

*Them.* If to your selfe vnkind, be kind to me:  
For my sake stay at home: why will you flie?  
Thinke you a stepdame soile giues sweeter lappe?

*Andr.* I: For trees transplanted do more goodly grow.

*Them.* And I'll count men but stockes, when they do so.

*Andr.* I am resolu'd: All troubles brought a sleepe:  
To leaue you with a parting kisse. *Them.* And by that kisse  
May I transfuse my soule, or quite expire?  
Brothers haue often for a kingdome fought:  
We strue to loose it. This is holy strife.  
But heere I vow, if ere that sacred Lace  
Shall gird my Temples: Rome must keep her boundes,  
Or fish for Tribute in the dredfull deepe.

*Act. 5. Scen. 6.*

*Cesar. Mandubrace.*

*Andr.* Let gracious fauour smooth warres rugged brow:  
*Cassibelane* will compound: All rage must end:  
We choose you Vmpire, for a friendly cloze.

*Cas.*



*The true Troianes*

*Ces.* It is my glory to end all with peace:  
And for that cause, I *Comius* lent in halt,  
For to conduct him hither.

*Them.* This trump giues warning of the Kings approach.

*Cassibelane. Comius. Lantonus.*

*Cassib.* Fate, and no fault of mine, makes me appeare,  
To yeeld as far as honour giues me leaue.

*Ces.* Haile valorous prince, disdain not this ingrafting  
Into Romes Empire, whose command incloses  
The whole Leuant, and whose large shadow hides  
The triple-bounded Earth, and bellowing Seas.

*Cassib.* We shall obserue your will; so you impose  
A league, no yoake. *They shake hands.*

*Ces.* Thus we determine: That Crowne still shall stand;  
Raigne as the totall Monarch of this Ile:  
Till death vn-kings you. 'Twere, *Androgens*, best  
You in our traine kept honourable place:  
And let *Themantius* wear the royall wreath.  
You must forgiue the Townes which did reuolt,  
Nor seeke reuenge on Trinobants, but let  
Young *Mandubrace* possesse his Fathers Princedome.

*Cassib.* Be all wrongs drencht in Lethe.

*Andr.* Pardon my rash attempts.

*Cassib. embraces.*

*Mand.* Count me your loyall friend.

*Androg. and Mand.*

*Ces.* In signe of league, you shall vs pledges giue,  
And yeerely pay three thousand pound of siluer,  
Vnto our Treasury. So let these decrees  
Be straight proclaim'd through Troynouant, whose Tower  
Shall be more fairely built at my charge, as  
A lasting Monument of our arriuall.

*Cassib.* All shall be done: Renowned Prince, whose worth,  
Vnparelled both as a Friend and Foe,  
We doe admire.

Accept this Surcoate, starrified with pearles,  
And Diamonds, such as our owne shoares breed.

*Ces.* And you receiue this massie Cup of gold,  
Loues earnest, and Memoriall of this day:

*Agimus Troes.*

By this, suppose our Senate calls you friend.

*They sit together.*

*Lant.* Now time, best Oracle of Oracles,  
Father of truth, the true sense doth suggest  
Of Dians answer;

The Lyon and the Eagle doe designe  
The Britaine and the Romane states, whose armies  
Were painted with those Animals: Both fierce  
Weary at last conclude: The Semicircles,  
First letters of the Leaders names, we see  
Are ioyn'd in true loues endlesse figure.

Both come of Troiane race, both nobly bold,  
Both matchlesse Captaines, on one Throne behold.

*Ces.* Now the Tarpeyan rocke ore-lookes the world;  
Her Empire bounded onely by the Ocean;  
And boundlesse Fame beates on the starry Pole.  
So Danow crawling from a mountaines side,  
Wider and deeper growes, and like a Serpent,  
Or Pyramis reuerst; improues his bignesse,  
As well as length: Till viewing countries large,  
And fed with sixty riuers, his wide mouth  
On the Euxine Sea-nymph gapes, and feare doth stir,  
Whether he will disgorge, or swallow her.

*Cassib.* Since the great guide of all, Olympus King,  
Will haue the Romanes his Vice-Royes on earth:  
Since the red fatall eyes of crow-blacke night,  
Fling their malignant influence on our state:

*Since Britaine must submit: It was her fate,  
None but a Iulius Cesar could her tame.*

*While Trumpets sound: Androgens and Themantius  
embracing take leaue. All depart.*

*Act. 5. Scen. 7. Chorus.*

*1. Song.*

Come fellow Bards and sing with cheere;  
Since dreadfull Atarums we shall no more heare.

*Come*



### *The true Troianes.*

*Come lovely peace, our Saint divine,  
Oline and Laurell doe loue for to twine.  
The Graces, and Muses, and Nymphes in a round:  
Let voice beate the aire, and feet beat the ground.*

*So Hells blacke image chaf'd away,  
Eos doth dandle the goldy-lock'd day:  
So Bruma banisht all forlorne,  
Cupid and Flora the spring doe adorne.  
And so the grim fury of Mars laid in grane,  
A merrier ending doth friendly peace craue.*

#### *2. Song. A Moriske.*

*The Skie is glad that Starres aboue,  
Doe giue a brighter splendor:  
The Starres unfold their flaming gold,  
To make the ground more tender:  
The ground doth send a fragrant smell,  
That aire may be the sweeter:  
The aire doth charme the swelling Seas,  
With pretty chirping meeter:  
The Sea with rivers water doth  
The plants and flowers dainty:  
The plants doe yeeld their fruitfull seed,  
That beasts may liue in plenty:  
The Beasts doe giue both food and cloth,  
That man high loue may honour:  
And so the world runnes merrily round,  
When peace doth smile vpon her.  
Oh then, then Oh: Oh then, then Oh:  
This Iubilee last for euer:  
That Forraine spight, or Ciuill fight,  
Our quiet trouble neuer.*

*Exeunt.*

*Mercury reducing the Ghostes of  
Camillus, and Brennus.*

*Cam. How brauely Cesar past the angry Maine?*

*Brenn. How branclly was he backe repulst againe?*

*Cam.*

*Fulmus Troes.*

*Cam.* How did he wheele his sword in *Nemius* face?

*Brenn.* How did he loose his sword, and flie apace?

*Cam.* How did againe his Army fill your coast?

*Brenn.* I, when our Princes did conduct his hoast.

*Cam.* How did they pierce through *Isis* dangerous flood?

*Brenn.* But made her swell, and bank-rupt with their blood.

*Cam.* Mirrour of Captaines, *Julius* stile hath wonne.

*Brenn.* But we may iustly brag of two for one.

*Cam.* Confesse, our valorous race hath now repaid  
The Allian Massacre, and our cities Flame:  
See how they yeeld, and yeerely Tribute pay.

*Brenn.* No, proud Dictator: Both do weary stand  
On equall termes: Both with a peacefull League.  
But if they shall oppresse; know, Generous spirits  
Will breake this Compact, like a Spiders webbe.

*Merc.* Ioues will is finisht: And (though *Iuno* frowne,  
That no more Troiane blood shall die the stage)  
The worlds fourth Empire Britaine doth embrace,

The Thunder-bearer with a *Ianus* looke  
At once viewes ruddie morne, and cloudie West:  
Her wings displaid ore this Terrestriall egge,  
Will shortly hatch an Vniuersall peace:  
For Ioue intends a fauour to the world.

It now remaines, That you two martiall wights  
Cease from your brauing one anothers worth:  
You must be friends at last. The cloze is sweete,  
When after tumults, hearts and hands doe meete.

*Exeunt.*

*Nec Lufisse pudet, sed non incidere Ludum.*

**FINIS.**



